

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2988.—VOL. CIX.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1896.

WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT: GREY'S SCOUTS CHARGING THE REBELS IN THE THICK BUSH AT THE FIGHT AT THABA IMBAMBA.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Medical science has of late years given so much of its attention to germs, and to other causes of disease and death even more invisible to the uninstructed eye, that it is a great relief to find it discussing a matter which is at once tangible and intelligible, such as the length of our vacations. It has come to the conclusion that though few of us have too many holidays, we are wont to take too many of them at a time—all, indeed, at one time—and that when they extend beyond ten days or so they are likely to do as much harm as good. Our whole system as regards work is, by a too-extended absence from it, so thrown out of gear that mischief takes place in our organisation, both mental and physical, when we resume it. This is very likely true, but what is still more certain is that the majority of mankind grow weary of nothing so much as idleness. There are, indeed, some favoured individuals who can "loaf" and "laze" to any extent without getting into mischief; who can stand on a bridge and spit into the water, or play at dick, duck, drake on the sea-beach for hours; and others who have some kind of hobby half-sister to idleness, such as botany or heraldry, with which they can amuse themselves when they have nothing else to do; but most of us begin to feel life a little tedious after a week or so of holiday. For my part, nothing is so wearisome to me as what the faculty call "perfect rest." I can stand it for three days, and then I "break out," like the people addicted to alcohol, and do something. As to the noble and gilded personages to whom life is one incessant holiday, mitigated now and then by an appointment with a Commissioner in Bankruptcy, or a defence of a breach-of-promise case, one cannot help pitying them though they may not be deserving objects. On the subject of holidays one speaks only of those who want them. It may seem rather a low and grovelling consideration to hint at, but one notices that persons of fixed income, though they do not enjoy their holidays more than professional men, can go on enjoying them much longer. They are not losing money, or failing to earn it, which is practically the same thing, all the time; nor haunted by the suspicion that somebody else may be taking their place during their absence. This is, of course, a matter of nerves, but it is a much more common feeling than is suspected; when we have nothing to do, our nerves think it a good opportunity to call our attention to their existence.

The saddest of all holidays are the enforced ones. It is bad enough when we are prostrated by illness, and the brain, though useless for endeavour, is only too apt for apprehension, when we feel that the tide of opportunity (which, unlike that of ocean, is not recurrent) is slipping away from us, and poverty threatens us like an armed man; but there is even a worse case, when the leisure that ought to be the lot of old age is forced upon us by the gathering years, and we cannot afford it. In these days there are only too many examples of it (we are credibly informed that the use of dye for the hair is now prevalent among the aged poor, so that, in applying for employment, they may not seem to be past their prime), but let the following suffice, a leaf plucked from the book of Labour only last week. A man committed suicide at sixty-one in expiation of the crime of growing old. This is the letter he writes to the coroner—

Sir,—This is the last act of the drama. After having been in the employ of one firm for over thirty-five years, I am now thrown aside like an old boot as useless. During the whole of that time no one can say I defrauded the firm of a shilling, or a shilling's worth, and although but a labourer was never seen the worse for drink on any of their jobs. Always at their call, I have not been behind my time for over twenty years. The only crime I have committed is getting old. I must now conclude, my head is all of a whirl. I can hardly see. Oh, my poor wife! After thirty-two years of happy life together—who will look after her? I hope that God will, for man won't. I can face work or death, but I cannot face the work-house. I do not deserve this. I am going distracted. Your loving husband.

How far this poor wretch is to be relied on for his facts we cannot tell; it is certain, however, that he believed them to be true, or they would not have pushed him over the brink of eternity. No more terrible farewell to the world has, to my mind, ever been pronounced by dying lips. It is little less than an indictment against humanity.

It is curious that the Society of Authors have found it necessary to warn our story-tellers against disposing of their serial rights without a distinct statement as to what they are. Until within the last few years they were understood to mean the right of running a story through a magazine or newspaper; but since the introduction of newspaper syndicates, stories have been run in many journals, though always at the same time. Some enterprising story-buyers now, however, flatter themselves that unless the term is strictly limited in the agreement to a single or contemporaneous issue, it covers the right to publish a tale serially for ever. Newspapers that cannot afford to purchase the use of an original novel can get it at second-hand when their betters have done with it; still more impecunious papers can get it at third-hand, and so on *ad infinitum*. When the novel is brought out in book form, there will therefore be hardly anyone left who has

not read it except the readers of its sixth and seventh issue, who patronise the very lowest class of periodicals. A practice more in direct defiance of honesty and common sense it is difficult to imagine, and nothing but a horror of law or the absence of the means to enforce it, one would think, would compel any author to put up with such a wrong. However, some of them, it seems, have done so. There is no more use in crying over milk that is stolen than over milk that is spilt. But we trust that henceforth all novelists will be upon their guard against this new development of literary roguery. Once the copyright of a book is sold it is for ever, but if the serial rights were of the same imperishable nature, the copyright would be comparatively valueless.

The wish has been more than once expressed in intelligent circles that the justice of the higher courts was meted out with the same knowledge of human nature as at Bow Street. Sir John Bridge is not only a humane man, but has the courage of his opinions. A pedlar charged with disorderly conduct has had "another chance" given him, thanks to the eloquence of his advocate, a very young one, though not belonging to the Junior Bar. "You have someone in court," said Sir John, "who pleads for you much better than you can do for yourself. As you entered the court I saw your child in its mother's arms, and it cried out 'Daddy' in a way that convinces me you have been a loving father." This is as it should be. A weak magistrate might have been equally impressed, but only a strong one would have ventured to give effect to so just an inference. The knowledge of mankind lies at the bottom of the due administration of justice, but it is not every judge who has thought it worth while to "take up the subject," an office generally left to the policeman.

Mr. Morley tells us there is nothing like Greek for refreshing the spirit in old age. He does not say that he tries it himself, but only recommends it, which is a little suspicious. I know so many people who prescribe things which they never dream of taking. If he would be so good as to name even half-a-dozen old gentlemen who refresh themselves in this manner I should feel obliged. They would not be known to me, but I would make a point of seeking their acquaintance. The study of such elevating literature would, I am sure, render them affable, and I should like to see them, if it would not be considered an intrusion, in the act of refreshing themselves. On a matter so entirely out of ordinary—I had almost said human—experience, one would like some details. What Greek authors do they read? Do they find Plato refreshing in this kind of weather? At college he struck me—though I am bound to say not so hard as to make an impression—as a little dry. Perhaps, however, that is his attraction; like anchovies, he encourages them to drink, though of course only summer beverages. Do they cachinnate over "The Frogs" of Aristophanes? If so they must be easily moved to mirth, such naturally jolly dogs as to stand in no need of refreshment. Let us hope they require no lexicons; Liddell and Scott is an admirable compilation, but it is not a handy volume with the thermometer at 88 in the shade; yet I have read somewhere that "it is the indispensable companion of every scholar." The question as to when these old gentlemen read their Greek is therefore so far narrowed, since, under the circumstances, it can hardly be done in bed. I do not deny that there may be pedagogues who read Greek in their vacations, but, like the retired butcher who killed a lamb every fortnight, this is only to keep their hand in; they don't do it for refreshment. In connection with this view of Mr. Morley's, it is interesting to note that, with respect to the question, "Why are the clergy unpopular?" that is agitating the evening papers, one individual suggests that it is because schoolmasters are mostly clergymen, and we can never forgive their having attempted to teach us Greek.

Objections to the jubilee business do not hold in regard to domestic celebrations, such as silver and golden weddings. On the contrary, they have a tender and lively significance. They have not the ostentation of the candidates for the Dunmow Flitch (who seem, somehow, to protest too much), and yet witness beyond suspicion to the matrimonial venture. The golden weddings have necessarily a tinge of sadness about them. Old age has ousted youth with a too great completeness. Bride and bridegroom must equally confess that with a single exception—

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that they have pressed
In their bloom.
And the names they loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

The contrast between *now* and *then* must be painful even to the most philosophic pair. In but too many cases not a single survivor of the first wedding-party is left to be asked to the last. Still, to the reflecting mind, it is the more solemn sacrament of the two. A very pretty and novel domestic celebration took place the other day in the shape of the coming of age of three daughters in one family—triplets. This is, one supposes, unprecedented. The general notion of triplets is an unexpected blessing of

an almost miraculous character, but which lasts a very little while, the three pounds from the Queen generally going in burial expenses.

Somebody has brought an action against a public company, not so much to recover his money, which was but a small sum, as from indignation against some official who would never answer his letters. This is a fine example of the simplicity that is still to be found in the world, and especially in a gentleman who speculates in the City. Of course, there are some people who, from mere ill-breeding and selfishness, do not answer letters—that is from persons who have a right to expect an answer; but in a general way it is almost a certain proof of roguery. Nobody will accuse me of writing letters to people about nothing particular, and when I get no reply to my communications, I know what to think of my non-correspondent. It is sometimes guilt, but more often shame, that causes silence. To answer is to confess to a meanness, and instead of lying (which, on paper, is dangerous), he "lies low." It is a cowardly device, because, if the question were put to him by word of mouth, he would not dare to be silent. When an answer is squeezed out of this class of person by compulsion—the *peine forte et dure*—he generally writes that he did send you the reply in question, and that the letter must have miscarried in the post. If you believe that, you will believe anything, even *him*.

I suppose I have had as large an experience of the post as most men, but I do not remember to have lost a letter in it; the fault has always been with the sender. He will give the wrong number, and sometimes the wrong name. There are cases, of course, when letters go wrong through "the general cussedness of things": for instance, when the address is vague and two persons have only one name between them. An amusing example of this occurred to Madame de Staël. When that lady was on her travels it was the custom to write to the chief literary person of any town she condescended to visit to announce her arrival; and he generally took care (so great was the "funk" she had established among authors) to meet her. But it happened that at Venice the poet to whom she wrote had the same name as the chief butcher, and to the latter her letter was delivered. Charmed to have so distinguished a customer he lost no time in welcoming her, and friends were convened to witness the meeting. Lord Cloncurry, who tells the story, says it was quite a considerable time before the mistake was discovered.

It is singular, considering the amazing interest which belongs to the matter, that only a few novelists have taken for their subject the Indian Mutiny, and of these only one or two have succeeded. One would have thought that a writer with such a theme could hardly go wrong, at all events as to exciting interest; but man has sought out many inventions in the way of dullness and succeeded. In the hands of Mr. Seton Merriman the reader feels that such a topic will be used to the best advantage, and he is not disappointed. In some respects "Flotsam" is a more ambitious production than the author's previous works. It is the study of a life, and contains a lesson and points a moral. Harry Wylam is a castaway, not thrown on the shore by wave or wind, but shipwrecked by his own hand. All the author's skill is exerted to persuade us that there is something lovable in this reckless, selfish prodigal, but not entirely with success. There is, in fact, little to esteem in his character beyond personal courage; our admiration, on the other hand, flows freely when we read of his friend, though scarcely his comrade, Frederic Marqueray, one of those reticent, self-reliant, powerful characters which Mr. Merriman draws with such evident pleasure to himself and to the great enjoyment of his readers. Philip Lamond, the villain of the story, is scarcely less interesting; he plays, so far as I know, quite an original part, the only Englishman, let us hope, in that terrible struggle for our existence in India who turned traitor and sold information to the natives. The contrast of character between his designing daughter Maria and Miriam Gresham, who would have been Wylam's good angel but for his own faithlessness and weakness, is strikingly portrayed. Indeed, Miriam is almost too good—we had almost added, so angry are we with her for her forgiving ways, but not too bright—for human nature's daily food. Mr. Merriman is as sententious and epigrammatic as ever, as witness the following: "The brains of a rich boy shine brightly enough in a (private) school report, and the perjury is wiped out in extras." "The blindest man on earth is not he who fancies he is what he is not, but that man who is content that he could never be different from what he is." "In England the (Crimean) war was popular. We are shopkeepers, my masters. Let us admit that. But at times we have a way of laying aside our apron and our ledger, our yard-measure and our scales. We put up the shutters and lock the door, and then there is the devil to pay." "There is no more suspicious man on earth than the naturally trusting man who has been deceived." "The man of many irons usually bears the marks of many burns. Sooner or later he takes hold of something at the wrong end." There are few better novelists in England than Mr. Merriman; there are none in whom more wit and wisdom can be found condensed.

RAILWAYS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.
GOODWOOD RACES, July 28, 29, 30, and 31.
 GENERAL ARRANGEMENTS.
 Fast Trains at Ordinary 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Fares leave London for Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight every Weekday as under—
 From Victoria, 6.35, 10.30, and 11.35 a.m.; 1.45, 3.55, and 4.55 p.m.; also at 7.15 p.m. for Portsmouth only.
 From Kensington (Addison Road), 6.5, 10.10, and 11.10 a.m.; 1.25, 3.40, and 4.20 p.m.; also at 6.50 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at West Brompton and Chelsea.
 From London Bridge, 6.45, 10.25, and 11.40 a.m.; 1.50, 4, and 4.55 p.m.; also at 7.25 p.m. for Portsmouth only.
SATURDAY, JULY 25, and MONDAY, JULY 27, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Fulbourn, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).
SPECIAL TRAINS FOR SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only. From Victoria, **SATURDAY, JULY 25, 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 27, 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.**
 Horses and carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.
ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES.
 A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 7.5 a.m., enlisting (Addison Road) 7 a.m., Clapm Junction 7.10 a.m., London Bridge 7.10 a.m., for Drayton and Chichester. Return fares 18s. 6d., 11s. 8d., and 10s. 4d.
 A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class only) will leave Victoria 8.40 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.50 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving about 10.55 a.m. Return fare 10s. 3d.
 A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Victoria 9.0 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.5 a.m., and London Bridge 9.5 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester. Return fares 20s. and 15s.
 AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester. Return fare 25s.
 TICKETS may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations at the City Office, 6, Arthur Street, East, and at the West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, which last two offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, and 30.

PARIS.—SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE, through the charming Scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus, near the Madeleine.
 Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris (1 & 2) (1,2,3)	Paris to London (1 & 2) (1,2,3)
Victoria... dep. 10.0 9.45	Paris (St. Lazare) dep. 10.0 9.0
London Bridge... 10.0 9.55	London Bridge... 10.0 9.45
Paris (St. Lazare) arr. 7.0 7.45	Victoria... 7.0 7.50

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d.
 A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the 1st and 2nd Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.
 Powerful Steamers with excellent Deck and Other Cabins.
 Trains run along the coast at Newhaven and Dieppe.
BRIGHTON AND PARIS. In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour. Returning at 5.20 p.m.
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.
 Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest on the Continent.

PARIS for the AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.
 SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION (1st and 2nd Class only), **SATURDAY, AUG. 1,** by the above Special Express Day Service, leaving London Bridge 10 a.m., Victoria 10 a.m.
 Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 9.45 p.m. and London Bridge 9.55 p.m. on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, July 30, and 31, and August 1 and 2.
 Returning from Paris by the above 3 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares, First Class, 38s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.
 First and Second Class Excursion Passengers may return by the Day Express Service from Paris 10 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITANNY.
 Via Newhaven and Ostend. The only direct route.
PASSENGER SERVICE EVERY WEEK-DAY.
 From London to Caen and from Caen to London.
 Fares.—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s.
 Return.—Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s.—2 months, 38s.; 32s.; 20s.
ANGLO-NORMAN TOURS.—Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest in Normandy and Brittany.
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.—The Return Tickets issued to Caen on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 30 and 31 and August 1, at the 30s., 25s., and 15s. Fares will be specially available for return on any Week-day within 14 days of date of issue.

FOR full particulars see Tourist Programme and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations and at the following Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West End, 28, Regent Street, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; City, 6, Arthur Street, East, and Hays', Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's, 142, Strand.
 (By Order) ALLEN SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

CAMBRIAN RAILWAYS.

TOURS IN WALES.
 BATHING, BOATING, FISHING (SEA, RIVER, AND LAKE), GOLFING, COACHING, MOUNTAINEERING.
TOURIST TICKETS, Cheap Week End and Ten Days Tickets, WEEKLY and FORTNIGHTLY TICKETS, are issued throughout the Year.
 FROM LONDON AND ALL PRINCIPAL STATIONS
 To ABERYSTWYTH, Borth, Aberdovey, Towy, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Harlech, Portmadoc, Cricieth, Pwllheli, Llanidloes, Bala, and Brecon.
 The scenery is exceedingly varied and beautiful, and innumerable short excursions may be made at an infinitesimal cost.
 Express Trains, with first and third class Lavatory Carriages and Attendants, are run daily during the Season.
 All particulars may be obtained at the Cambrian Railways London Office, 41, Gracechurch Street, E.C.; from Messrs. Henry Gaze and Sons' Offices, 142, Strand, & Northumberland Avenue, 18, Westbourne Grove, and Piccadilly Circus; or from Mr. W. H. Gough, Superintendent of the Line, Oswestry.
 Oswestry, July 1896. C. S. DENNIS, General Manager.

NOW READY, No. 2, PRICE ONE SHILLING, of the NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES of the **CORNHILL MAGAZINE.**
 Edited by J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE: An Anniversary Study. By Professor J. K. Laughton.
AME ICAN MILLIONAIRES. By Americus.
MEMOIRS OF A SOUDANESE SOLDIER (Ali Effendi Gifoon). Dictated in Arabic to and Translated by Captain Machell.
 (Continued.)
CHILDREN'S THEOLOGY.
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS. By Spencer Wilkinson.
TRESPASSING ON THE TSAR: A Crimean Experience. By Yegor Yegorovitch.
A MOPE. By Walter Ramal.
SIR HENRY PAIKES. By A. Patchett Martin.
SPLENDID MENDAX. By Stephen Gwynn.
PAGES AND FAGGING. By Horace G. Hutchinson.
PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.
CLARISSA FURIOSA. Chaps. XXIX. to XXXII. By W. E. Norris.
 London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place.

"MINES AND MAGNATES."

THE BOOK OF THE HOUR.

MR. MAGNUS:
 A Romance of the Great Ruby Mine.
 Cloth, 6s.
 DAILY TELEGRAPH.—"A brilliant piece of work."
 DAILY CHRONICLE.—"Vivid and convincing."
 PALL MALL GAZETTE.—"The story is good and well told."
 GLASGOW HERALD.—"A most readable story."
 MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—"The more widely it is read the better."
 ABERDEEN FREE PRESS.—"Will find many appreciative readers."
 London: T. FISHER UNWIN, Paternoster Square, E.C.

INDIA AND CEYLON EXHIBITION,
 EARL'S COURT.
 Director-General: **MR. KIRALFY.**
 THE EMPRESS THEATRE.
 GRAND SPECTACLE "INDIA."
 OVER 1200 PERFORMERS.
 CHORUS OF 200 SINGERS.
 A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.
 THE Full-sized TROOP-SHIP.
 Grenadiers and Coldstreams.
 Empress and Imperial Bands.
 Natives at Work and at Play.
 BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS.
 LAKES AND MOUNTAINS.
 THE GARDEN OF LONDON.
 THE GREAT WHEEL.

JOHN WALKER, WATCH and CLOCK MAKER.
 77, CORNHILL, and 29, REGENT STREET.
 "The Cornhill" Silver Crystal-face Keyless Lever Watch, with Chronometer balance, £5 5s. Gold Keyless Lever Watches, from £10 10s. Chronometer Clocks in great variety.
 Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks, with prices, sent free.

RAILWAYS.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN AND CALEDONIAN RAILWAYS (WEST COAST ROYAL MAIL ROUTE).—ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAIN SERVICE now in operation.—WEEK-DAYS.

CORRIDOR and LUNCHEON CAR EXPRESS to EDINBURGH and GLASGOW from EUSTON 11.30 a.m.
CORRIDOR LUNCHEON and DINING CAR EXPRESS from EUSTON at 2 p.m.

London (Euston) dep.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.	11.30 a.m.
Edinburgh (Princes St.)	5.15	7.15	10.0	11.30	2.0	3.0	5.0	8.0	11.0
Glasgow (Central) arr.	3.45	5.00	6.30	7.55	10.30	12.0	1.40	3.40	5.00
Greenock	3.40	6.0	6.45	8.10	10.30	12.0	1.40	3.40	5.00
Gourock	4.30	6.55	7.35	9.10	11.30	12.0	1.40	3.40	5.00
Oban	8.45	—	—	4.45	8.45	11.55	2.5	—	—
Perth	5.30	—	7.55	12.18	4.36	7.55	9.10	—	—
Inverness (via Dundee) ..	7.15	—	8.40	—	10.10	9.40	—	—	—
Dundee	7.15	—	8.40	—	10.10	9.40	—	—	—
Aberdeen	9.0	—	10.15	—	3.0	6.25	11.25	—	—
Ballater	—	—	—	—	8.55	—	2.0	—	—
Inverness (via Aberdeen) ..	—	—	—	7.55	11.11	—	5.55	—	—

* On Saturday nights the 8.50 and 11.50 p.m. trains from Euston do not convey passengers to stations marked * (Sunday mornings in Scotland).

Passengers for stations north of Motherwell must leave London by the 8.50 p.m. train on Saturday nights. The 11.50 p.m. has no connection to those stations.

B The Night Express leaving Euston at 8 p.m., will run every night (except Saturdays).

A On Saturdays passengers by the 2 p.m. train from London are not conveyed beyond Perth by the Highland Railway, and only as far as Aberdeen by the Caledonian Railway.

A Special Train will leave Euston (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) at 6.20 p.m. from July 6 to Aug. 10, inclusive, for the conveyance of Horses and Private Carriages only to all parts of Scotland. A Special Carriage for the conveyance of Dogs will be attached to this train.

An additional Special Night Express to Aberdeen, with Sleeping Saloons attached, will leave Euston at 10.15 p.m., from July 13 to Aug. 11 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted).

Sleeping Saloons for 1st class passengers to Perth, Inverness, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow by Night Trains. Extra charge, 5s. for each berth.

For further particulars see the Companies' Time-Tables, Guides, and Notices.
 FRED. HARRISON, General Manager, L. & N.W. Railway.
 JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.
 July 1896.

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY COMPANY.

HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

The following are Health-giving and Invigorating Holiday Resorts, and Places of Interest in the Highlands of Scotland—
 Dunkeld, Aberfeldy, Pitlochry, Kingsmuir, Carr Bridge, Boat of Garten, Grantown, Forres, Elgin, Nairn, Inverness, Beaulieu, Fortrose, Dingwall, Strathpeffer, Garve, Achness, Strone Ferry, Lairg, Golspie, Helmsdale, Wick, and Thurso.

THE SERVICE OF TRAINS for passengers between England and the North of Scotland, VIA THE DUNKELD ROUTE is better than that provided at any previous time, or by any other route.
 The scenery on the Route of the Highland Railway from Perth in the South, to Wick and Thurso in the North, Strone Ferry in the West, Elgin, Keith, and Buckie in the East, SURPASSES IN INTEREST AND VARIETY THAT OF ANY IN THE KINGDOM.

Tourists' Tickets to the above-named and other Stations on the Highland Railway are issued Daily during the Season at all the Principal Stations in England and Scotland.

For Times of Trains, Fares, LISTS OF LODGINGS, Description of Scenery, and other Information, see the Company's Time Tables, Tourist Programmes, and other Publications.

ASK FOR TICKETS VIA DUNKELD.
 CHARLES STEEL, General Manager

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE
 (Established half a century).—Searches and Authentic Information respecting Family Arms and Pedigrees. Crest and Motto in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Book-plates engraved in Modern and Mediaeval styles. Heraldic Seal Engraving.
 ILLUMINATED ADDRESSES ON VELLUM.
 Prospectus post free.—25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

CRESTED STATIONERY.—CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX.—Best quality Paper and Square Court Envelopes, all stamped in colour with Crest, or with Monogram, or Address. No charge for engraving steel die. Signet rings, 18 carat, from 42s. Card plate and 50 best visiting-cards, 2s. 8d.; ladies', 2s. 6d. Wedding and invitation cards. Specimens free.
 T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S PIANOS.
 Thomas Oetzmann and Co. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is—
 27, BAKER STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.

PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per MONTH.
 Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The cheapest house for hiring really good pianos by all the best makers is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, W.

PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas Oetzmann and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System.
 Carriage free. Tunings free. Cheapest House in London for Sale, Hire, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

GOOD SOUND SECOND-HAND PIANOS.
 Returned from Hire. Far superior to badly constructed low-priced new ones. GREAT BARGAINS. Grand and Cottage. Broadwood's, Collard's, Erard's, and other makers. From 20s. to £100. Send for Descriptive Catalogues. All Pianos packed free and sent to any part.
 THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.

PURCHASERS who can pay Cash will find that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for new Grand and Cottage Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Erard, Oetzmann, Steinway, Reichenstein, and other makers of repute is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.'S, 27, Baker Street, W., where the merits of the Pianos by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All pianos packed free and forwarded. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS' PIANOFORTES
 For SALE, HIRE, or on the THREE YEARS' SYSTEM.
 Pianos exchanged.
 New and Second-hand Pianofortes.
 JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
 Great Pulteney Street (near Piccadilly Circus), London, W.

D'ALMAINE'S SALE OF PIANOS, ORGANS, &c., RETURNED FROM HIRE.
 Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free. Cottages 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
 Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas.
 Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
 Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 9, 50 guineas.
 American Organs, by all the best makers, from 41 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 111 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7:30 p.m., Saturdays, 3.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.
 Great improvements have been made in the manufacture of FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, celebrated for their superior fitting. Six for 30s., 40s., 45s., sent by parcel post free to your door. Write for illustrated Self-Measure and all particulars free by post.
 R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD and CO.'S New Patterns
 in French and English Printed Shirtings, as well as the Oxford Mat for making FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS, forwarded post free. Quarter of a dozen or more for 10s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 16s. 6d., carriage free. Write for particulars.—R. FORD & CO., 41, Poultry, London.

OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, line linen, three for 6s.; Superior 7s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 9s. Send three (not less), with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD & CO., 41, Poultry, London.

MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS,
 ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, W.
 Reopening Bank Holiday, Monday, Aug. 3, with a Brilliant Programme and Augmented Company. Nightly at 8. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 3. General Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGHTON.

DEATH.

On July 10, at Hastings, Francis, son of the late Rev. Henry Byron, Rector of Muston, Leicestershire, and grandson of the late Rev. the Hon. Richard Byron, Rector of Haughton-le-Skerne, Darlington.

RAILWAYS.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.
 AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

On Monday, Aug. 3, certain booked trains will be DISCONTINUED, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.
 FRIDAY, JULY 31, TO SCOTLAND.
 Leave St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. Four or Nine Days to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Stonehaven, ABERDEEN, and INVERNESS.

SATURDAY, AUG. 1.
 To CARLISLE, DUMFRIES, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, &c., for Eight Days from St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m.; Kentish Town 10.9 p.m., and City Stations at corresponding times. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued at a SINGLE FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY, available for SIXTEEN DAYS.

To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, DERBY, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, SHEFFIELD, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE—ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, LAKE DISTRICT, and Carlisle, returning Aug. 6. See Bills for Times, &c.

NEW WEEKLY SUMMER EXCURSIONS.
 EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, to MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, ISLE OF MAN, MORECAMBE, LANCASTER, and ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days. (See Midland Bills.)

MONDAY, AUG. 3.
 To MANCHESTER for Two Days, at 12.5 Sunday Midnight.
 To BIRMINGHAM, for One or Four Days, and KETTERING for One Day, at 6.35 a.m.

To LEICESTER, for One Day, at 5.40 a.m.
 To ST. ALBANS (day and half-day), 8.15 and 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.
 To HARPENDEN and LUTON (for one day), at 8.15 and 11 a.m.
 To BEDFORD (day trip), leaving St. Pancras at 8.15 a.m.
 SOUTHERN-ON-SEA by the NEW and SHORTER ROUTE.
 CHEAP DAILY and WEEK-END TICKETS are now issued to SOUTHERN-ON-SEA from ST. PANCRAS, Kentish Town, and other Midland Stations. (See Special Bills for times, fares, &c.)
 TICKETS and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS and City Booking Offices, and from Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED BOOKS
 for the Tourist Season may be had on application.
 GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.
 Derby, July 1896.

GREAT NORTHERN, NORTH-EASTERN, AND NORTH BRITISH RAILWAYS.
 EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.
 ADDITIONAL and ACCELERATED TRAINS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS). JULY 1896 SERVICE.

London (King's Cross) dep.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	11.10 a.m.
Edinburgh (Leith) arr.	5.15	6.15	7.15	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.15	12.15	1.15
Glasgow (Glasgow) arr.	5.15	6.15	7.15	8.15	9.15	10.15	11.15	12.15	1.15
Craigendarran,	5.34	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Callander	6.11	8.45	12.20	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oban	8.45	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Fort William	5.37	7.52	10.30	—	—	—	—	—	—
Perth	8.55	8.55	13.17	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dundee	6.10	8.10	10.47	—	—	—	—	—	—
Aberdeen	8.40	10.12	12.45	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ballater	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Inverness	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

A. From July 20 to Aug. 7 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, will be in connection at Perth with the Special Express in advance of the Mail, conveying Passengers for stations north of Inverness.
 B. Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays. Will run specially on Saturday, Aug. 8.
 C. On Week-days only.
 D. Week-days and Sundays.
 E. Not run to Craigendarran Pier, Callander, Oban, Fort William, or Ballater on Sunday mornings, and arrives Glasgow 7.30 a.m. Perth 8.23, Dundee 9.18, Inverness 1.30 on Sundays. F. Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays. G. Saturday nights. H. Will run from July 13 to Aug. 11. Saturdays and Sundays excepted. * These times apply from July 6 to Aug. 31 only; from July 1 to 5 inclusive will arrive in Edinburgh 3.40 p.m. and Callander 5.33 p.m. * Saturdays excepted.
 The new Corridor Day Cars will for the present run in the trains leaving King's Cross at 11.20 a.m. and Edinburgh (Waverley) at 12.15 noon on Week-days. There is an Attendant with the Cars, and tea, coffee, and other light refreshments are served during the journey.
 Corridor Dining Car Saloons (First and Third Class) are attached to 2.20 p.m. Express from London (King's Cross).
 Sleeping Carriages are attached to all night trains.
 June 1896. By Order.

BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

TOURISTS SHOULD VISIT THE NORTH OF IRELAND.
 No part of the United Kingdom offers greater attractions to the Gopher, the Angler, the Cyclist, the Scientist, the lover of the picturesque, or the searcher after health.
 Tours embracing the Giant's Causeway, the imposing Waterfalls and Ravines of Glenariff, the magnificent Antrim Coast Road, the charming Seaside Resort of Portrush, the Donegal Highlands, &c.
TRAVEL VIA STRANRAER and LARNE by the swift Mail Steamer "Princess May" or "Princess Victoria." Open Sea Passage only Eight Minutes. Port to Port, Two Hours. Two Sailings each way Daily (Sundays excepted) during the Summer Months.

HOTEL Accommodation of First-Class Order can be had throughout. The NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL at PORTRUSH is owned and managed by the Railway Company. Upwards of 120 Beds. Spacious Bath. Established Cuisine. Excellent Canteen. Grand Dining, Drawing, Reading, Billiard, and Smoke Rooms, and handsome Lounge on ground floor. Terms on application to G. O'B. Hamilton, Hotel Manager, Portrush.
 For full information apply to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, B. & N.C. Railway, Belfast.

THE ALBION S.S. COMPANY (LIMITED).
FORTNIGHTLY CRUISES
 From NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE to NORWAY.
 The Finest YACHTING STEAMER Afloat. No Upper Berths.
 "MIDNIGHT SUN," 3178 Tons, 3500-H.P.
 CAPTAIN CABORNE, R.N.R., F.R.G.S.
 SAILINGS: AUGUST 1 and 15.
 Fares from 12 Guineas, including First-Class Table.
 For Itinerary, &c., Apply to—
 "MIDNIGHT SUN" PASSENGER SUPERINTENDENT,
 4, Lombard Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS
 FROM LONDON TO
 BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and MADRAS, via BOMBAY.
 STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN.
 CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA.
 VENICE and BRINDISI to EGYPT and the EAST.
 Every Week.
 Every Fortnight.
 Every Three Weeks.
 For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

SHANDON HYDROPATHIC.
 Finest Health Resort in Scotland. One Hour from Glasgow by Rail. Picturesque Grounds, Mountain Air, Sea Breezes, Sea-Water Swimming Baths, Boating, Golf, Tennis, Centre for Excursions on the Clyde to Loch Lomond, Oban, and West Highlands.
 Address—Manager, Shandon, N.B.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES
AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

The marriage of Princess Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria of Wales and Prince Christian Frederick Charles George Waldemar Axel of Denmark, hereinafter described as Prince Charles of Denmark, was celebrated on Wednesday morning in Buckingham Palace Chapel. A brilliant assemblage witnessed the ceremonial, which was all that could be wished as a State pageant, and to which the Archbishop of Canterbury and his assistants added all possible ecclesiastical dignity. A floral cross was conspicuous among the masses of flowers decorating the Chapel, and the red silk hangings made a background at once gay and solemn for various religious pictures, chiefly old masterpieces of the Italian school. The gold sacramental plate of the Chapels Royal was on the altar, and everywhere a profusion of flowers met the eye, while the graceful curves of growing palms gave variety to the rather square lines and angles of the building. Shortly after eleven o'clock the specially invited guests began to arrive. These included, besides diplomatic representatives, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, the Home Secretary and Lady Ridley, Mr. Akers Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Sir William and Lady Harcourt, Lord Cross, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Rosebery, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, and the Earl and Countess of Kimberley. Very punctually in their places, these were followed to the Chapel at noon precisely by the clergy, who included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London (Dean of her Majesty's Chapels Royal), the Bishop of Winchester (Clerk of the Closet), the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, M.A.), Canon F. A. J. Hervey, M.A. (Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales), and the Rev. J. F. Mitchell (Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen and Honorary Chaplain to the Prince of Wales). The remaining half-hour before the service began was occupied by the arrival, one after the other, of the royal processions. At a quarter past twelve, the Queen, who had arrived at the Palace the day before, left her apartments for the Bow Library, where the royalties were assembled, and then proceeded to the Chapel, attended by the usual heralds and other officers of State, as well as by Prince Arthur of Connaught and Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. The rest of the royal family followed properly heralded and attended.

Then went forth the summons to the royal bridegroom, who had left Marlborough House nearly an hour earlier, and was waiting in readiness in the Ladies' Dining-room, and who now entered the Chapel, duly attended by heralds, and supported by Princes Christian and Harold of Denmark. Hardly had he taken his place on the right side of the altar-rails than, amid a flutter of expectancy, the royal bride entered the chapel, preceded by heralds, ushers, and the Lord Chamberlain; supported on either side by her father and brother, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York; and attended by her bridesmaids. To the strains of "O Paradise," the royal bride took her position beside the bridegroom, Lady Arthur Hill's "O Perfect Love" having been sung when he himself proceeded to his place.

The next moment the ceremony was already begun. The Archbishop and his assistants proceeded through the solemn rite. The Prince of Wales gave away his daughter, whose voice when she made the responses to the familiar questions sounded sweetly through the stillness of the chapel. An address from the Archbishop accentuated the religious side of a ceremony where State pomp naturally engrossed the eye, and where the historic interest of the occasion occupied the mind. Sir Walter Parratt presided at the organ, assisted by Dr. Creser; and in attendance were the choir of the Chapel Royal St. James's. To the strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the bride and bridegroom then left the chapel, immediately followed by the bridesmaids, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and the rest of the royal family. The Queen, in a separate procession and by another route, joined the rest in the Bow Library, where the marriage

register was signed by the happy pair, and attested by the Queen herself, who then took an affectionate farewell of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and retired to her own apartments. The others of the royal party adjourned to the State Dining-Room, where luncheon was served. The Prince of Wales gave the toasts "The Bride and Bridegroom," "The Queen," "The King and Queen of Denmark," and "The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark," while his own health, together with that of the Princess of Wales, was proposed by the Crown Prince of Denmark. The same toasts were given in the Ball-Room, where lunch was served for her Majesty's other guests. A little before three the procession of the bride and bridegroom and the rest of the royal family left the Palace for Marlborough House, driving by way of Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, and St. James's Street. This concession to sightseers was much appreciated, as the enormous assemblage and the gay decorations abundantly proved. Very warm was the welcome given by the public to the popular pair and to their relatives, whether English or Dane; and the same hearty cheers were heard when the newly married Prince and Princess drove, by way of Pall-Mall, Regent Street, and Shaftesbury Avenue, to St. Pancras Station, whence they proceeded to Appleton, their new country home.

THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY.

There were four thousand guests at the Queen's Garden-Party on July 13. Still, the garden of Buckingham Palace was never unduly crowded, though the heat of the afternoon naturally made the refreshment-tents great centres of attraction. The Lord Chamberlain attended the Prince and Princess of Wales as they entered the



ONE OF THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS:
DIAMOND AND PEARL NECKLACE,
CONVERTIBLE INTO A TIARA,
THE GIFT OF THE
ROYAL WARRANT-HOLDERS OF ENGLAND.

garden, with all the ladies and gentlemen of the Household. The Princess was practically hostess, and the Prince sent to the Queen a telegram congratulating her on the success of the function. The leading streets of London were gay all the afternoon with carriages containing ladies in the lightest of summer costumes; and those who were not invited could have at least the consolation of knowing that they were only in the same plight as her Majesty, who was herself unable to be present at her own garden-party.

THE MATABILI AND MASHONA REVOLT.

The whole force at Bulawayo which General Sir Frederick Carrington now has at his disposal for the operations in Matabiland is about to be directed to a combination of detached movements intended to confine the enemy to the Matoppos Hills, to the north-east of that town, with the expectation that want of food will then enforce a complete surrender. On Monday last, July 20, Sir F. Carrington began with an attack on Babayan's stronghold, seven miles beyond Usher's Farm, drove out the enemy, killing about sixty, and pursued them to the caves at the source of the Tuli river. Three British were killed. We have received from Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist, additional sketches illustrating the conflict of July 5 at Thaba Imbamba, fifty miles east of Bulawayo, when Colonel Plumer's troops, reinforced by detachments from those of Major Beal and Captain Spreckley, dispersed a hostile force that was gathering on the Insiza Hills.

THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA.

After the battle of Ferket, on Sunday, June 7, our special Artist, Mr. Seppings Wright, spent many days in visiting every military post from Akasheh to Suarda—the last-mentioned place being nearly forty miles beyond Ferket—which had been occupied by the troops of the Anglo-Egyptian expedition. At Suarda, where he arrived with

Mr. Gwynne on the 23rd, one of the chief objects of interest was the house formerly occupied by the Emir Hammuda, who was defeated and slain at Ferket. Colonel Burn-Murdoch has now taken up his residence in this house. There were at Suarda a number of refugees, members of the Barabara tribe—men, women, and children—who had refused to follow the Dervishes in their flight towards Dongola, and had welcomed the presence of the Egyptian troops to escape from the hardships of serving the Khalifa.

A WEDDING PROCESSION IN JAVA.

The peculiar procession reproduced in our Illustration was seen by a correspondent on the road to Malang, a town in one of the midland provinces of Java known as Kadoe. What enhanced it in point of interest was the presence of the bride, for, as a rule, she does not appear in public even at the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom was dressed in a most singular way. On his head, with its black hair hanging loosely down his back, he carried a gilt crown of curious workmanship. His face and body were painted with a yellow-coloured pigment as far as the waist, and powdered with rice or arrow-root flour; and from the neck, overhanging the breast, were large plates of gold. The waist downwards was covered with an ample skirt, or sarong, of silk. The bride, who was seated in a sort of arm-chair, or garuda, as it is called, made of cane richly gilt and covered with cloth of gold, was borne by four men. She wore a crown, and her hair, like that of the bridegroom, came to a point above the forehead, but was tied at the back into a knot, or condoy. Her face was also painted and powdered in the same manner, though only her shoulders were exposed to view, for from the breast down to her waist she wore a sort of corset of steel, and the lower half of her body was covered with a rich silk sarong.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

The objects from Thebes now exhibiting at the University College, Gower Street, represent the results of explorations by Professor Flinders Petrie and Mr. J. E. Quibell. The latter conducted his operations for the Egyptian Research Account, and the Professor was supplied with funds by Mr. Jesse Haworth and Mr. Martyn Kennard. Professor Flinders Petrie, with his usual luck, or, more probably, by means of his intuitive powers as an explorer, has brought to light a most important monument. This is the Stele of Merenptah, a gigantic block of black syenite, 10 ft. 3 in. high, 5 ft. 4 in. wide, and 13 in. thick. An inscription of 6000 characters covers nearly the whole face of this large slab, and the interest attached to it is from its containing the first distinct mention of the Israelites that has as yet been found in Egyptian inscriptions. The stone itself had to be left in the Museum at Ghizeh, but a complete copy of the inscription, as well as photographs, may be seen in the exhibition at Gower Street; a sketch of the figures that surmount the inscription is given in our page of Illustrations. The mention of "Israel" occurs almost at the bottom of the slab, and the hieroglyphics which represent that word will also be found on the same page. The document contains a long account of the defeat, by Merenptah, of the Libyans who had invaded Egypt; and towards the end is a summary of another war in Syria. The date of the inscription is about 1200 B.C. It has been suggested that instead of "Israel" the word which occurs in the inscription might be "Jezreel," the name of a town in the plain of Esdraelon; but well-known Egyptologists have rejected this proposed rendering of the hieroglyphs. There is in Mr. Quibell's part of the exhibition a copy in water colour by Miss Pirie of a painting, very damaged in parts from the plaster falling off, in one of the Ramesseum Galleries, that Professor Flinders Petrie attaches considerable importance to. It represents a goddess, supposed to be Hathor, with a cow's head, who is giving drink and food to the *ka*, or double of his body, represented as a human figure, of a dead Egyptian, that has come out of the tomb, shown behind him on the edge of the desert; the *ba*, or soul, as a bird, also comes out to be refreshed, and is shown below pecking at some kind of food. Hathor stands on the branch of a sycamore-tree, and thus appears as a "tree-goddess." The Professor considers that this picture indicates one of the early forms of religion in Egypt, which included tree-worship. Among the objects exhibited are a large number of "foundation deposits," corresponding to foundation stones in our buildings. Those given in the Illustration are from the Temple of Queen Tausert, about a quarter of a mile south of the Ramesseum.



A WEDDING PROCESSION IN JAVA.

From a Sketch by Mr. W. Barrington d'Almeida.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Ernest Crofts, who last Monday evening was elected a Royal Academician, has always painted battles and the incidents that make for warfare. A portfolio of his pictures would make a perfect panorama of stirring military incidents in the history not only of our own country, but also of the great nations of Europe. No other artist, if we except his militant French brother of the brush, M. Detaille, has devoted himself so persistently to the portrayal of one particular set of subjects. Mr. Crofts was made an Associate in 1878, when he painted "Wellington's March from Quatre Bras to Waterloo"; he becomes a full Academician in the year when he is represented at Burlington House by a "Capture of a French Battery by the 52nd Regiment at Waterloo." Born at Leeds, Mr. Crofts is now forty-nine, and has waited eighteen years for the full honours that have just been conferred upon him. Of his picture "The Morning of the Battle of Waterloo," *The Illustrated London News* wrote in 1876: "This is the most able military picture of the year. In all respects it is a thoroughly well-considered, soundly painted work."

No plans have yet been made for the disposal of the house of Lord Leighton in Holland Park Road. The price of £15,000, at which it was roughly valued, included, of course, the cost of the tiles lining the walls of the Arab Hall, which alone cost some £9000. But the failure to find a purchaser for the house is a matter of less moment now, when its contents have fetched far beyond the original estimate of their value. The trustees, who were conspicuous at the sale day after day with unflinching regularity (one of them hiding his head for a few moments when a sketch of his own was put up to auction), are now able to fulfil the death-bed wishes of Lord Leighton for the bestowal of various legacies not named in his will. One of these was a donation of £10,000 to the Royal Academy, to which also will be given the many models in clay made by the late President in the preparation of his pictures. The beautiful collection of sketches and drawings bought by the Fine Art Society will be sold separately, without the excitement of a sale by auction.

The death of Sir Henry Percy Anderson, the Assistant Under-Secretary at the India Office, took place in Eaton Square last Sunday.

Commonly known as Sir Percy Anderson, he had a career of nearly fifty years in the public service. Born in 1831, he was educated at Marlborough College and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree with honours in 1852. In that year he entered the Foreign Office; and

shortly became in succession secretary to the Marquis of Bath's special Commission to Lisbon to invest King Pedro V. with the Order of the Garter; a second Secretary to the Diplomatic Service, and, in 1878, Secretary to Lord Rosslyn's Embassy to attend the wedding of the King of Spain. In 1884 his special knowledge on African affairs was put to service when he went as Special Delegate to the West African Conference in Berlin. In 1890 he was again in Berlin, negotiating the Anglo-German agreement relative to Africa and Heligoland. Four years later his appointment as Assistant Secretary for Foreign Affairs set the seal on his official usefulness and position. He was a K.C.M.G. and a K.C.B., and was twice married—first to Miss Fanny Cuthbert, and secondly to the widow of the fifth Lord Boston.

Her Majesty the Queen appears in the world's arena as an arbitrator. There is a dispute between Chili and the Argentine Republic about some territorial matter, and the point has been referred to the friendly and impartial offices of the Queen of England. It is refreshing to find that there are peoples which do not think that England has an axe to grind in every part of the globe. This arbitration between Chili and the Argentine is a good omen for the coming arbitration treaty between England and the United States.

Prince Ranjitsinhji has made the value of our Indian Empire a reality to a multitude of people who do not commonly reflect on the ties between England and her great dependency. The Prince was educated at Cambridge, and there he acquired a skill in cricket which has made him one of the greatest batsmen of his time. At Manchester he carried off the honours for the English eleven in the second of the test matches between England and Australia. In the second innings of the home team he carried out his bat for the magnificent score of 154, to which the Englishmen owed the fact that they were beaten by only three wickets, despite their bad start and the heavy scoring in the Australians' first innings. In Lancashire the Prince's name is now a household word among lovers of cricket, and his splendid performance will be a cherished tradition.

If the paragraphist of a morning contemporary is to be trusted, the Pope must have a peculiar idea of humour. Among his scientific toys, none amuses him more, we are told, than his phonograph, which contains a rare collection of voice-plates, including several of those of his deceased friends. Rapt, interested, contemplative, sad one might be on hearing the voice of a deceased friend, but hardly amused. Among recent gifts to the Pope a typewriter is

included. It is inlaid with ivory and silver, and bears the Papal arms; but his Holiness, though pleased with the gift, considers that he is too old to learn the instrument. Yet there is on record the example of an octogenarian who gaily set himself to the task of learning Greek.

M. Zola said at the grave of Edmond de Goncourt that the author of "Germinie Lacerteux" ranked with Balzac,

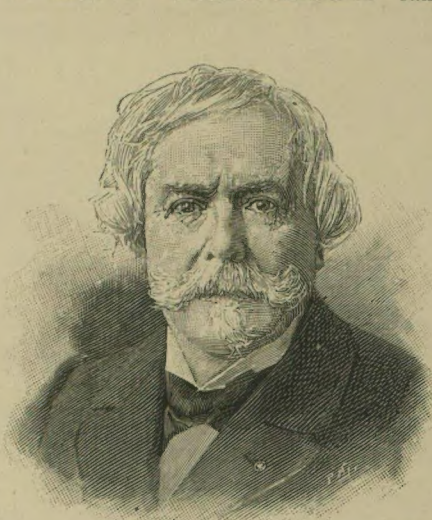


Photo Nadar, Paris.

THE LATE EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

Stendhal, and Flaubert, as the founders of the modern French novel. To the masterpiece of the Brothers de Goncourt some English writers are indebted, for between "Germinie Lacerteux" and "Esther Waters" the family tie is obvious, fundamentally different as are the two women who have given each a name to those notable books. The brothers carried on a literary method which was the wonder of their generation. It is seen at its best in two or three novels, and in the earlier volumes of the famous "Journal." When Jules died in 1870, this remarkable collaboration had done its best work, and it was impossible to distinguish between the two artists. Alike in fiction and in their brilliant studies of the social and artistic life of the eighteenth century in France, they represented one temperament. They wrote a style which suffered from excess of elaboration, but was always vivid and actual, and seemed to spring from the very marrow of the subject. No detail was too minute for observation, and every detail found its special and most characteristic phrase. The penalty of the method was that it permitted no breadth of view. The artists were so absorbed in minutiae that they frequently missed the real spirit of the theme, and their views of life, instead of broadening, doomed them to labour within an ever-narrowing horizon.

The premature death of Jules was a terrible blow to Edmond. Had the younger brother lived it is possible that the elder would not have brought the "Journal" down to trivial and acidulated personalities. That singular production was always distinguished by candour that was little relished by some of the eminent men who figured in its pages. We owe to it very faithful portraits of Taine, Gautier, Turguenev, and Sainte-Beuve. Latterly, Edmond de Goncourt made the "Journal" the vehicle of small personalities quite unworthy of his fame. As his closest friend, Alphonse Daudet, has admitted, he suffered from a sort of erratic chagrin which kept him in a constant state of combat. He lived in a small circle of devoted admirers, whose loyalty scarcely served to soothe a supersensitive *amour propre*. Some of them have been nominated in his will as members of a Goncourt Academy to which he looked to perpetuate his brother's fame and his own. That fame happily rests on the more solid basis of several books which influenced the most strenuous school of modern French fiction.

For many people the most amusing note in connection with the centenary of the death of Robert Burns, which has been held this week, was the reading of the foreign translations of the poet which Mr. Jacks has gathered. "Est-ce que notre ancienne liaison s'oublierait" does not strike one as being a very happy rendering of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," or "Allons bon soir, vieux Nick," for "But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben."

Mr. Joseph Alfred Novello, who has died at the great age of eighty-six, was the founder of the well-known house of music publishers. Before he was twenty he had begun this business, and a few years later he took larger premises in Dean Street, which are still used by the firm. In the next ten years the *Musical World* and the *Musical Times* were established, and Novello's were already known for their editions of vocal music. Mr. Novello was foremost in the movement for the repeal of the paper and stamp duties. He retired from active participation in the business in 1857, and lived many years at Genoa with his sister, Mrs. Cowden-Clarke.

On Thursday, July 16, the first performance of "Manon"—Massenet's, not Puccini's—was given at Covent Garden, with Melba in the part of Manon and Alvarez in that of the Chevalier des Grieux. The music has always been the subject of keen controversy ever since

its composition, and although no champion would venture to call it great, it is at the same time unjust to consign it to entire perdition. For it is artificial and precious in the prettiest way possible. It is true that not an accent of real passion breathes in its pages; all is exotic and fragrant—may one say?—with a sublime kind of patchouli; as such let it be accepted, but it is useless to blame a custard-apple because it is not a new potato. Melba was a very charming Manon, graceful, sweet-voiced, dainty, and gay; and Alvarez made a sincere Chevalier, in the precious spirit of sincerity which Massenet affected. M. Plançon, as the Comte des Grieux, was noble as ever, and the orchestra played effectively under Signor Mancinelli's skilful conducting.

On Saturday, July 18, the first performance this season of "Les Huguenots" was given. It is not too much to say that Melba, in the small part of Marguerite de Valois, was easily the heroine of the occasion. She sang the brilliant music with so easy a command of its difficulties and so crystal a tone that everything else seemed in comparison flat and unprofitable. Madame Albani, as Valentina, was not by any means in her best voice, and showed evident signs of fatigue, it was therefore the greater to be deplored that for a Raoul she should have had so weak a support in Signor Lucignani, who literally showed not the smallest capacity for so arduous a part; he was extremely nervous, his voice seemed stifled, and he was throughout painfully astray. M. Plançon's Marcelle was very fine, and Signor Ancona as De Nevers and Mr. Bispham as San Bris sang excellently well. The orchestra was sufficiently well conducted by Signor Bevnigani.

On Sunday the first of this season's Bayreuth performances of the "Ring des Nibelungen" took place before what one critic calls a "record house," whatever that may mean for Bayreuth, where it is seldom that a seat is left vacant for any performance. On all hands comes the information that the scenery is magnificent, a fact which was in the modest expectation of everybody. It would be well if the list of vocalists were scaled according to the magnificence of the mounting; but there is a standard about these things in Germany which no comment can move. Once more it may be permitted to express regret that "Parsifal" is not to be performed this year; it is the unique attraction of Bayreuth, and where it is possible to hear the "Ring" almost anywhere in Europe it is not to be expected that, just for the fun of the thing, people will care to make the long journey to Bayreuth.

It is much to be regretted that, notwithstanding the efforts, apparently sincere and tolerably united on this particular occasion, of the great foreign Powers at Constantinople, the Sultan cannot induce his Christian subjects in Crete to put any confidence in his promises of better government. They are not satisfied, it seems, with the appointment as Vali of Georgi Pasha Berovitch, an Albanian of their own Greek Church, formerly Mushavir, or Vice-Governor, of their own island, and recently in charge of the administration of Samos, which he is said to have conducted very fairly. As Vali, or Governor of the province, he has no control over the Turkish troops, which still remain under the military command of Abdullah Pasha; and it is just of the licentious outrages and cruelty of these soldiery that the Christian population most grievously complain. The delegates from the Cretan Assembly have therefore demanded, in addition to the constitutional reforms specified by the Halepa Convention of 1878, that the Turkish military commander shall be removed, that the Christian Governor-General be secured in office for five years, and that the Turkish troops be confined to garrisons of two or three chief towns, while a local gendarmerie, partly composed of Christians and partly of Mussulman natives, in proportion to their numbers, would be the principal armed force, under the direction of the Civil Governor. These are conditions which the Porte refuses to grant, and the concession of which is thought likely to provoke a rebellion among the Mohammedans, who are, though in numbers a minority, the wealthiest and most powerful class. Hence it is that the present demands of the Cretan insurgents do not obtain the support of the European Powers; and that Georgi Pasha, for no personal demerits, but on account of his restricted authority, has failed hitherto in his efforts to satisfy the people of Crete.

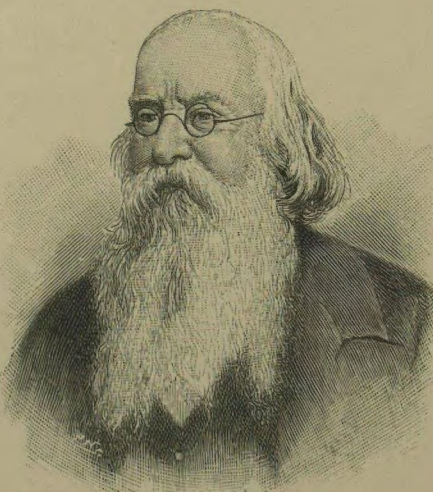
The *Lady's Pictorial* for this week will be exceptionally attractive to our lady readers, as it is the Royal Wedding Double Number of that bright and up-to-date journal. Containing as it does full descriptive accounts, accompanied by special sketches and photographs, of the ceremony, the trousseau, the presents, and all the many other items so interesting from a lady's point of view, it certainly forms one of the most complete records issued in connection with the marriage of the youngest daughter of our beloved Princess.

The legion of holiday-seekers who are in the habit of making Dover a resting place before or after a foreign trip, and those who make a longer sojourn at the picturesque seaport town, will be glad to hear that the well-known Lord Warden Hotel is to be reopened on July 28 under the direction of the Gordon Hotels Company, Limited, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of good management.



Photo Abdulah, Constantinople.

PRINCE GEORGI PASHA BEROVITCH, OF SAMOS, Appointed Governor-General of Crete.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH ALFRED NOVELLO.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Frederica of Hanover, was visited on Saturday by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught from Aldershot, and by Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with their daughter Princess Victoria. The Prince of Wales joined the Queen on Sunday, to attend divine service in the Mausoleum Chapel at Frogmore. On July 15 the Princess of Wales and her daughters, with Prince Charles of Denmark, and the Duchess of Albany, with Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont, visited the Queen. Her Majesty on the next day, assisted by the Duke of Connaught, held a private investiture of different orders of knighthood, in which honours were conferred upon General Sir Hugh Gough, General Sir Gerald Graham, each as G.C.B.; Sir Donald Smith, as G.C.M.G., Lord Kelvin, as G.C. of the Royal Victorian Order, Sir Clements Markham, and several military and naval officers, as K.C.B. Colonel Sir A. S. Lethbridge, K.S.I., and other gentlemen as C.B. Among the Queen's guests at Windsor in the past week have been the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke d'Alençon, the Earl and Countess of Dudley, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Earl and Countess of Lathom, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Earl and Countess of Carrington, Lord and Lady Kelvin, General Sir Evelyn Wood, Major von Falkenheim, and Prince Bhanurangi of Siam. On Tuesday her Majesty came to London, and, after passing an hour at Marlborough House with the Prince of Wales's family and visitors, went to Buckingham Palace to stay the night.

remarkable individual scores. Captain G. C. Gibbs, of Bristol, 2nd Gloucestershire Engineer Volunteers, distinguished himself in the Albert, Bass, Craigerne, and Waldegrave Competitions, and gained the new Any Rifle Aggregate prize. The Oxford and Cambridge Universities' prize, the Chancellor's Cup, was won by Cambridge. The Kolapore Cup was won by the Canadian team against the Mother Country. Charterhouse again won the Ashburton Shield for the Public Schools. The shooting for the Queen's Prize began on Monday. The Bronze Medal was won by Private A. Wilson, of the London Scottish.

The National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations had its second annual dinner, at the Hôtel Métropole, on July 15; the Duke of Norfolk presided, and Sir Matthew White Ridley, the Home Secretary, was the chief speaker. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was entertained by the United Club on Friday at St. James's Hall, and made a speech on the position of Parliamentary business.

The trial of Dr. L. S. Jameson, Major Sir John Willoughby, Colonel the Hon. H. F. White, Colonel Raleigh Grey, Major the Hon. R. White, and the Hon. C. Coventry, for unlawfully preparing a military expedition against the South African Republic, began on Monday before three Judges—the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Baron Pollock, and Mr. Justice Hawkins—in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Sir Edward Clarke, the leading counsel for the defendants, applied to have the indictment quashed, upon the ground of certain objections to the framing of its different counts and allegations, but contended especially that the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870 had not been specially proclaimed at Mafeking, and that Mafeking was not in the Queen's dominions. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, for the

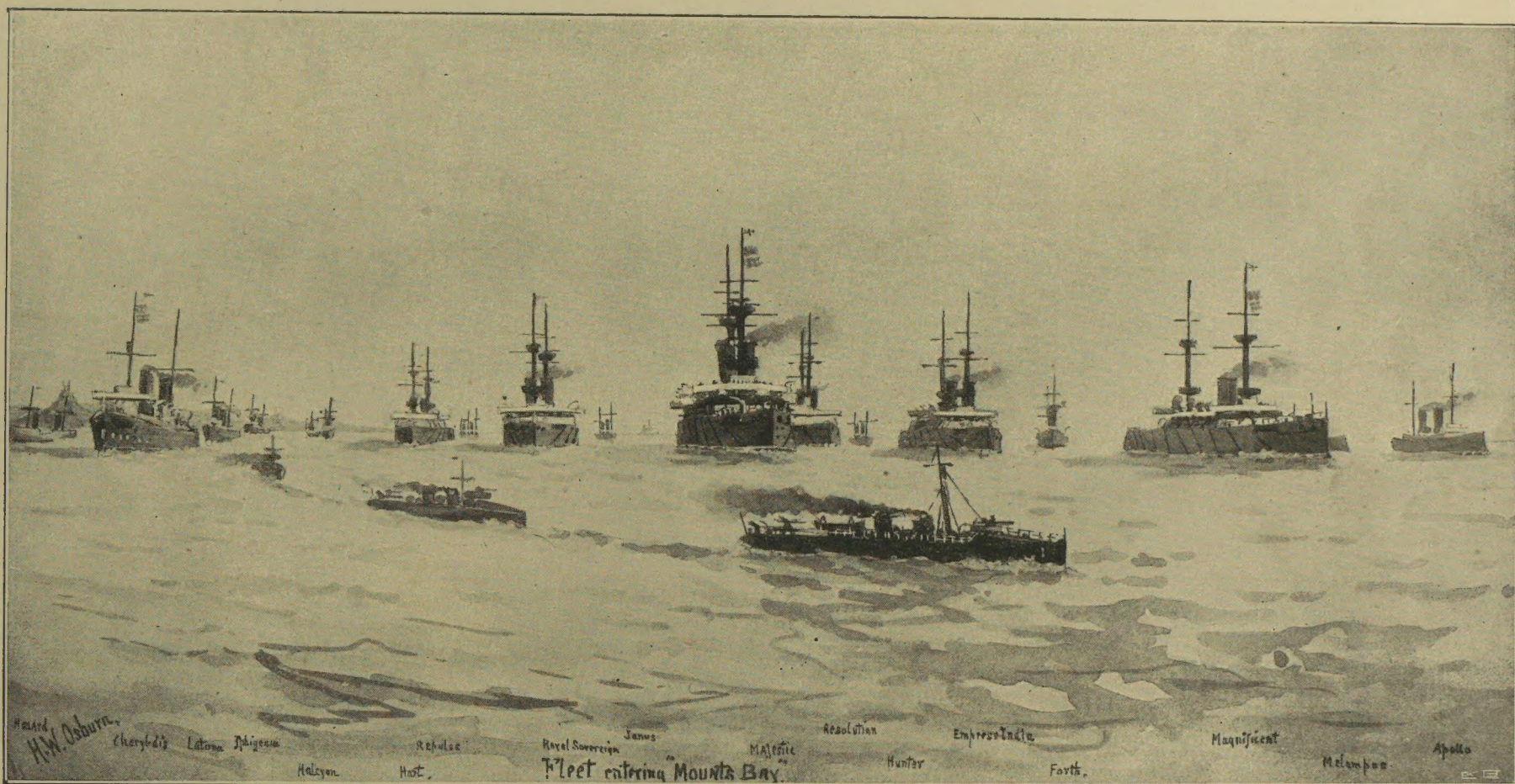
THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

The plan of the opposing naval movements commenced this week by the Channel Fleet, under the chief command of Vice-Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, and the Reserve fleet commanded by Vice-Admiral E. H. Seymour, has not yet been officially disclosed. Its actual development at sea will probably take place in the region situated between the Land's End of Cornwall and Berehaven, Bantry Bay, or the extreme south-western point of Ireland, and the entrance to St. George's Channel, at Pembroke Bay, on the coast of Wales. Each of the two fleets supposed to be acting in hostility to each other is divided into two squadrons, the A and the B squadron, which are immediately commanded on the one side by Lord Walter Kerr (A) and Rear-Admiral Powlett (B), on the other side by Admiral Seymour (A) and Rear-Admiral A. K. Wilson (B). The leading squadron (A) of the defending fleet is at Berehaven and its B squadron is at Falmouth or Penzance; while Admiral Seymour, with his A squadron, is at Pembroke, waiting to be joined by his B squadron, which has been coaling at Portland.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR BANK HOLIDAY.

The special facilities offered by the various railways for the August Bank Holiday and the vacation generally which follows close upon its heels, grow each year more numerous.

For spending a brief holiday in the attractive Continental districts served by the Harwich route, the Great Eastern Railway Company offer special facilities. For the Rhine district, passengers leaving London in the evening can reach Cologne about noon, by through carriages from the Hook of Holland, and leaving Cologne in the evening, arrive home first thing next morning. The Hague and Amsterdam are reached from London in time for breakfast, and may be combined with a short North Holland or Rhine tour, or taken en route to North Germany and Berlin. On Friday, July 31, return tickets at single fares will be issued to Berlin for the



THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES: ARRIVAL OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON IN MOUNT'S BAY.

Drawn by Lieutenant Osborn, H.M.S. "Hunter."

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, with Prince Harold and Princesses Ingeborg and Thyra, arrived in London on Saturday to be present at the marriage of their son Prince Charles to Princess Maud of Wales. They were received by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud, and were conducted to apartments in Buckingham Palace as guests of the Queen, with Princes Christian and Charles of Denmark. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta, with Prince Nicholas of Greece, arrived later in the day, and were received as guests at Marlborough House by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Prince Charles of Denmark last week visited the City of London, as the guest of the Drapers' Company, and was presented with the freedom of that Company.

The statue of the Queen presented by Sir A. Seale Haslam to the City of London was unveiled on Tuesday by the Duke of Cambridge at the end of Blackfriars Bridge, adjacent to the Victoria Embankment.

The National Rifle Association meeting at Bisley has been favoured with splendid weather. The Albert Cup, now competed for in one stage, including the 1000-yards range, was won on July 15 by Mr. E. Rigby, son of the late superintendent of the Enfield Small-arms Factory. Major J. H. Cowan, R.E., with the Lee-Metford rifle, made the highest score at 600 yards in the first stage of the "Imperial" competition for soldiers of the regular army; but in the second stage, on Saturday, the Challenge Cup and first prize were won by Quartermaster-Sergeant Sheldon, R.E. The United Service Cup, for which the Army and Navy, Royal Marines, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers competed, mostly with Lee-Metford rifles, was won by the Army, scoring 699 at three ranges up to 600 yards. The Elcho Shield, or National Challenge Trophy, up to 600 yards, produced good average shooting; Scotland scored 1658, Wales 1647, England 1642, and Ireland 1611; but there were no

prosecution, replied to those objections, and the Judges adjourned to Tuesday morning, when the Lord Chief Justice announced that they held the indictment to be sound.

The Indian, Cingalese, and Burmese natives engaged as artisans or performers at the Earl's Court Indian and Ceylon Exhibition of Mr. Imré Kiralfy were, by the Queen's command, taken to Windsor on Sunday afternoon to see the castle and park. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Frederica, and Princess Beatrice, met them as she went out for her evening drive.

The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of London officially visited the East London Exhibition at the People's Palace on Saturday.

The President of the French Republic, on July 15, with the Ministers of State, attended the unveiling, at Rheims, of an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, with a speech by General Billot, the Minister of War. He received addresses from the Municipality, and from the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims for the clergy, and himself made a speech at the banquet which followed.

The Italian Ministry has been reconstituted by the Marquis di Rudini, and the Marquis Visconti Venosta has become Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The Duke of Orleans was on July 15 betrothed to the Austrian Archduchess Maria Dorothea, eldest daughter of the Archduke Joseph, and a relative of the Catholic branch of the Coburg family.

In the Cape Colony a Select Committee of the House of Assembly has reported on its inquiry concerning the raid into the Transvaal, finding that Mr. Cecil Rhodes was acquainted with the forwarding of war materials by the De Beers Company, and that the Capetown officials of the British South Africa Chartered Company were cognisant of the plot to dispatch an armed force into the Transvaal. Messrs. Beit and Rhodes, Dr. Jameson, and Dr. Harris, being its active promoters.

Exhibition. Cheap tours in the Belgian and Luxemburg Ardennes have been arranged via the Harwich-Antwerp route, including Brussels (for Waterloo) and the picturesque Flemish cities. For Hamburg, the General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers, *Peregrine* and *Seymour*, will leave Harwich on July 29 and Aug. 1, returning Aug. 2 and 5.

Tourist fortnightly and Friday to Tuesday cheap tickets are now being issued by the Great Eastern Railway to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Southend, Felixstowe, and the other resorts of the East Coast to which the summer service of fast trains particularly invites the holiday-maker.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway offers special trains for the convenience of patrons of the Goodwood, Brighton, and Lewes Races. Tickets for Littlehampton, Bognor, Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, and other South Coast resorts will be on sale at the same Company's Regent Street and Trafalgar Square Offices until ten p.m. throughout the week preceding the Bank Holiday. The Brighton Railway Company also announce a special fourteen days' excursion to Paris, starting on Aug. 1. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued, via Newhaven and Ouistreham.

Intending visitors to Denmark, Sweden, and Norway will find the steamers of the United Steam-ship Company of Copenhagen sailing from Harwich for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, and returning each Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday. The steamers have excellent passenger accommodation.

For tours in Wales the Cambrian Railways issue cheap week-end and fortnightly tickets to Aberystwith and the chief Welsh resorts; and the visitor to Ireland in search of golf or antiquarian interest will find every convenience in the summer tours from Belfast arranged by the Belfast and County Down Railway.

The Great Western Railway Company announce that for the accommodation of tourists visiting Cornwall they have arranged, on and after to-day, to divide the 10.30 a.m. Cornish express from Paddington. The first portion will start at 10.25 a.m., and will take passengers for Exeter, Plymouth, Liskeard, Bodmin, Wadebridge, Fowey, and Newquay only.

The Midland Railway Company will run cheap excursions from London to Stirling, Perth, and the North generally, on July 31 and on Aug. 1 to Liverpool, the Isle of Man, and the Lake District for periods ranging from three to seventeen days. Excursion trains will also run at reduced fares to all the chief Midland and northern towns on the line, returning the following Thursday; and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Ayr, etc., for eight days, or at single third-class fare for the double journey for sixteen days. On Bank Holiday itself numerous day trips will be made from St. Pancras to Luton, Bedford, Leicester, Birmingham, etc.; and to London from Bradford, Leeds, Derby, and other centres. There will also be two, three, and four days' trips to and from Manchester, Stockport, etc.

The London and North-Western Railway Company offers a varied choice of holiday trips, and is likely to attract many northward travellers by the convenience of its Corridor and Luncheon Car and Dining Car express trains.

For the many picturesque holiday resorts of the North of Scotland, the Highland Railway Company provides special tourist tickets via the Dunkeld route.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE EGYPTIAN CAVALRY UNDER COLONEL BURN-MURDOCH PURSUING THE DERVISHES INTO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF SUARDA AFTER THE BATTLE OF FERKET.
Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

X.

Dennis Vidal quickly remembered that he had not brought in his hat, and also, the next instant, that even to clap it on wouldn't under the circumstances qualify him for immediate departure from Bounds. Just as it came over him that the obligation he had incurred must keep him at least for the day, he found himself in the presence of his host, who, while his back was turned, had precipitately reappeared and whose vision of the place had resulted in an instant question.

"Mrs. Beever has not come back? Julia wants her—Julia must see her!"

Dennis was separated by the width of the hall from the girl with whom he had just enjoyed such an opportunity of reunion, but there was for the moment no indication that Tony Bream, engrossed with a graver accident, found a betrayal in the space between them. He had, however, for Dennis the prompt effect of a reminder to take care: it was a consequence of the very nature of the man that to look at him was to recognise the value of appearances and that he couldn't have dropped out upon a scene, however disordered, without, by the simple fact, re-establishing a superficial harmony. His new friend met him with a movement that might have been that of stepping in front of some object to hide it, while Rose, on her side, sounding out like a touched bell, was already alert with her response. "Ah," said Dennis to himself, it's for *them* she cares!

"She has not come back, but if there's a hurry——" Rose was all there.

"There *is* a hurry. Someone must go for her."

Dennis had a point to make that he must make on the spot. He spoke before Rose's rejoinder. "With your increasing anxieties, Mr. Bream, I'm quite ashamed to be quartered on you. Hadn't I really better be at the inn?"

"At the inn—to go from here? My dear fellow, are you mad?" Tony sociably scoffed; he wouldn't hear of it. "Don't be afraid; we've plenty of use for you—if only to keep this young woman quiet."

"He can be of use this instant." Rose looked at her suitor as if there were not the shadow of a cloud between them. "The servants are getting luncheon. Will you go over for Mrs. Beever?"

"Ah," Tony demurred, laughing, "we mustn't make him fetch and carry!"

Dennis showed a momentary blankness and then, in his private discomposure, jumped at the idea of escaping from the house and into the air. "Do employ me," he pleaded; "I want to stretch my legs. I'll do anything."

"Since you're so kind, then, and it's so near," Tony replied. "Mrs. Beever's our best friend, and always the friend of our friends, and she's only across the river."

"Just six minutes," said Rose, "by the short way. Bring her back with you."

"The short way," Tony pressingly explained, "is through my garden and out of it by the gate on the river."

"At the river you turn to the right—the little foot-bridge is *her* bridge," Rose went on.

"You pass the gatehouse at the other side of it, and there you are," said Tony.

"In her garden—it's lovely. Tell her it's for Mrs. Bream, and it's important," Rose added.

"My wife's calling aloud for her!" Tony laid his hand, with his flushed laugh, on the young man's shoulder.

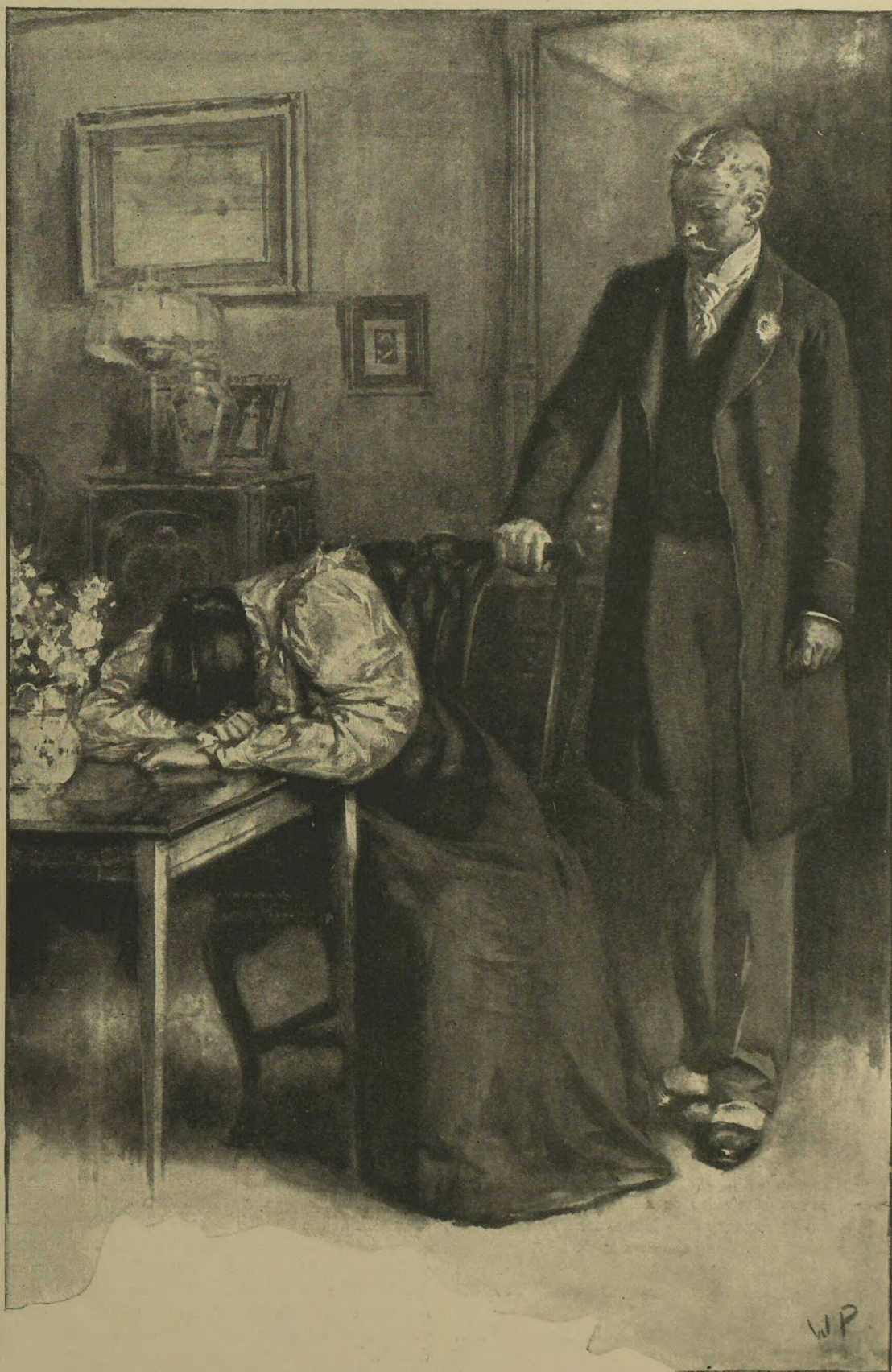
Dennis had listened earnestly, looking at his companions in turn. "It doesn't matter if she doesn't know in the least who I am?"

"She knows perfectly—don't be shy!" Rose familiarly exclaimed.

Tony gave him a great pat on the back which sent him

off. "She has even something particular to say to you! She takes a great interest in his relations with you," he continued to Rose as the door closed behind their visitor. Then meeting in her face a certain impatience of any

supersession of the question of Julia's state, he added, to justify his allusion, a word accompanied by the same excited laugh that had already broken from him. "Mrs. Beever deprecates the idea of any further delay in your



She threw herself upon a small table, burying her head in her arms, while Tony, all wonder and pity, stood above her and felt helpless as she sobbed.

marriage, and thinks you've got quite enough to 'set up' on. She pronounces your means remarkably adequate."

"What does she know about our means?" Rose coldly asked.

"No more, doubtless, than I! But that needn't prevent her. It's the wish that's father to the thought. That's the result of her general good will to you."

"She has no good will of any sort to me. She doesn't like me." Rose spoke with marked dryness, in which moreover a certain surprise at the direction of her friend's humour was visible. Tony was now completely out of his groove; they indeed both were, though Rose was for the moment more successful in concealing her emotion. Still vibrating with the immense effort of the morning and particularly of the last hour, she could yet hold herself hard and observe what was taking place in her companion. He had been through something that had made his nerves violently active, so that his measure of security, of reality almost, was merged in the mere sense of the unusual. It was precisely this evidence of what he had been through that helped the girl's curiosity to preserve a waiting attitude—the firm surface she had triumphantly presented to each of the persons whom, from an early hour, she had had to encounter. But Tony had now the air of not intending to reward her patience by a fresh communication; it was as if some new delicacy had operated and he had struck himself as too explicit. He had looked astonished at her judgment of the lady of Eastmead.

"My dear Rose," he said, "I think you're greatly mistaken—Mrs. Beever much appreciates you."

She was silent at first, showing him a face worn with the ingenuity of all that in her interview with Dennis Vidal she had had to keep out of it and put into it. "My dear Tony," she then blandly replied, "I've never known anyone like you for not having two grains of observation. I've known people with only a little; but a little's a poor affair. You've absolutely none at all, and that, for your character, is the right thing: it's magnificent and perfect."

Tony greeted this with real hilarity. "I like a good square one between the eyes!"

"You can't like it as much as I like you for being just as you are. Observation's a second-rate thing; it's only a precaution—the refuge of the small and the timid. It protects our own ridicules and props up our defences. You may have ridicules—I don't say so; but you've no suspicions and no fears and no doubts; you're natural and generous and easy—"

"And beautifully, exquisitely stupid!" Tony broke in. "Natural—thank you! Oh, the horrible people who are natural! What you mean—only you're too charming to say it—is that I'm so utterly taken up with my own interests and feelings that I pipe about them like a canary in a cage. Not to have the things you mention, and above all not to have imagination, is simply not to have tact, than which nothing is more unforgivable and more loathsome. What lovelier proof of my selfishness could I be face to face with than the fact—which I immediately afterwards blushed for—that, coming into you here a while ago, in the midst of something so important to you, I hadn't the manners to ask you so much as a question about it?"

"Do you mean about Mr. Vidal—after he had gone to his room? You did ask me a question," Rose said; "but you had a subject much more interesting to speak of." She waited an instant before adding: "You spoke of something I haven't ceased to think of." This gave Tony a chance for reference to his discharge of the injunction she had then laid upon him; as a reminder of which Rose further observed: "There's plenty of time for Mr. Vidal."

"I hope indeed he's going to stay. I like his looks immensely," Tony responded. "I like his type; it matches so with what you've told me of him. It's the real thing—I wish we had him here." Rose, at this, gave a small, confused cry, and her host went on: "Upon my honour I do—I know a man when I see him. He's just the sort of fellow I personally should have liked to be."

"You mean *you're* not the real thing?" Rose asked.

It was a question of a kind that Tony's good-nature, shining out almost splendidly even through trouble, could always meet with princely extravagance. "Not a bit! I'm bolstered up with all sorts of little appearances and accidents. Your friend there has his feet on the rock." This picture of her friend's position moved Rose to another vague sound—the effect of which, in turn, was to make Tony look at her more sharply. But he appeared not to impute to her any doubt of his assertion, and after an instant he reverted, with a jump, to a matter that he evidently wished not to drop. "You must really, you know, do justice to Mrs. Beever. When she dislikes one it's not a question of shades or degrees. She's not an underhand enemy—she very soon lets one know it."

"You mean by something she says or does?"

Tony considered a moment. "I mean she gives you her reasons—she's eminently direct. And I'm sure she has never lifted a finger against you."

"Perhaps not. But she will," said Rose. "You yourself just gave me the proof."

Tony wondered. "What proof?"

"Why, in telling Dennis that she had told you she has something special to say to him."

Tony recalled it—it had already passed out of his mind.

"What she has to say is only what I myself have already

said for the rest of us—that she hopes with all her heart things are now smooth for his marriage."

"Well, what could be more horrid than that?"

"More horrid?" Tony stared.

"What has she to do with his marriage? Her interference is in execrable taste."

The girl's tone was startling, and her companion's surprise augmented, showing itself in his lighted eyes and deepened colour. "My dear Rose, isn't that sort of thing, in a little circle like ours, a permitted joke—a friendly compliment? We're all so *with* you."

She had turned away from him. She went on, as if she had not heard him, with a sudden tremor in her voice—the tremor of a deep upheaval: "Why does she give opinions that nobody wants or asks her for? What does she know of our relations or of what difficulties and mysteries she touches? Why can't she leave us alone—at least, for the first hour?"

Embarrassment was in Tony's gasp—the unexpected had sprung up before him. He could only stammer after her as she moved away: "Bless my soul, my dear child—you don't mean to say there *are* difficulties? Of course it's no one's business—but one hoped you were in quiet waters." Across her interval, as he spoke, she suddenly faced round, and his view of her, with this, made him smite his forehead in his penitent, expressive way. "What a brute I am not to have seen you're not quite happy, and not to have noticed that *he*—" Tony caught himself up: the face offered him was the convulsed face that had not been offered Dennis Vidal. Rose literally glared at him; she stood there with her two hands on her heaving breast and something in all her aspect that was like the first shock of a great accident. What he saw, without understanding it, was the final snap of her tremendous tension, the end of her wonderful false calm. He misunderstood it in fact, as he saw it give way before him: he sprang at the idea that the poor girl had received a blow—a blow which her self-control up to within a moment only presented as more touchingly borne. Vidal's absence was there as a part of it: the situation flashed into vividness. "His eagerness to leave you surprised me," he exclaimed, "and yours to make him go!" Tony thought again, and before he spoke his thought her eyes seemed to glitter it back. "He has not brought you bad news—he has not failed of what we hoped?" He went to her with compassion and tenderness. "You don't mean to say, my poor girl, that he doesn't meet you as you supposed he would?" Rose dropped, as he came, into a chair; she had burst into passionate tears. She threw herself upon a small table, burying her head in her arms, while Tony, all wonder and pity, stood above her and felt helpless as she sobbed. She seemed to have sunk under her wrong and to quiver with her pain. Her host, with his own recurrent pang, could scarcely bear it: he felt a sharp need of making some one pay. "You don't mean to say Mr. Vidal doesn't keep faith?"

"Oh, God! oh, God! oh, God!" Rose Armiger wailed.

XI.

Tony turned away from her with a movement which was a confession of incompetence; a sense, moreover, of the awkwardness of being so close to a grief for which he had no direct remedy. He could only assure her, in his confusion, of his deep regret that she had had a distress. The extremity of her collapse, however, was brief, a gust of passion after which she instantly showed the effort to recover. "Don't mind me," she said through her tears, "I shall pull myself together—I shall be all right in a moment." He wondered whether he oughtn't to leave her; and yet to leave her was scarcely courteous. She was quickly erect again, with her characteristic thought for others flowering out through her pain. "Only don't let Julia know—that's all I ask of you. One's little bothers are one's little bothers—they're all in the day's work. Just give me three minutes, and I sha'n't show a trace." She straightened herself and even smiled, patting her eyes with her crumpled handkerchief, while Tony marvelled at her courage and good-humour.

"Of one thing you must be sure, Rose," he expressively answered; "that whatever happens to you, now or at any time, you've friends here and a home here that are yours for weal and woe!"

"Ah, don't say that," she cried; "I can scarcely bear it! Disappointments one can meet; but how in the world is one adequately to meet generosity? Of one thing you, on your side, must be sure, that no trouble in life shall ever make me a bore. It was because I was so awfully afraid to be one that I've been keeping myself in—and that has led, in this ridiculous way, to my making a fool of myself at the last. I knew a hitch was coming—I knew at least something was; but I hoped it would come and go without *this*!" She had stopped before a mirror, still dealing, like an actress in the wing, with her appearance, her make-up. She dabbed at her cheeks and pressed her companion to leave her to herself. "Don't mind me, don't mind me; and, above all, don't ask any questions."

"Ah," said Tony in friendly remonstrance, "your bravery makes it too hard to help you!"

"Don't try to help me—don't even *want* to. And don't tell any tales. Hush!" she went on in a different tone.

"Here's Mrs. Beever!"

The lady of Eastmead was preceded by the butler, who, having formally announced her, announced luncheon as invidiously as if it had only been waiting for her. The servants at each house had ways of reminding her they were not the servants at the other.

"Luncheon's all very well," said Tony, "but who in the world's to eat it? Before *you* do," he continued, to Mrs. Beever, "there's something I must ask of you."

"And something I must ask too," Rose added, while the butler retired like a conscientious Minister retiring from untenable office. She addressed herself to their neighbour with a face void, to Tony's astonishment, of every vestige of disorder. "Didn't Mr. Vidal come back with you?"

Mrs. Beever looked incorruptible. "Indeed he did!" she sturdily replied. "Mr. Vidal is in the garden of this house."

"Then I'll call him to luncheon." And Rose floated away, leaving her companions confronted in a silence that ended—as Tony was lost in the wonder of her presence of mind—only when Mrs. Beever had assured herself that she was out of earshot.

"She has broken it off!" this lady then responsibly proclaimed.

Her colleague demurred. "She? How do you know?"

"I know because he has told me so."

"Already—in these few minutes?"

Mrs. Beever hung fire. "Of course I asked him first. I met him at the bridge—I saw he had had a shock."

"It's Rose who has had the shock!" Tony returned. "It's *he* who has thrown her over."

Mrs. Beever stared. "That's *her* story?"

Tony reflected. "Practically—yes."

Again his visitor hesitated, but only for an instant. "Then one of them lies."

Tony laughed out at her lucidity. "It isn't Rose Armiger!"

"It isn't Dennis Vidal, my dear; I believe in him," said Mrs. Beever.

Her companion's amusement grew. "Your operations are rapid."

"Remarkably. I've asked him to come to me."

Tony raised his eyebrows. "To come to you?"

"Till he can get a train—to-morrow. He can't stay on here."

Tony looked at it. "I see what you mean."

"That's a blessing—you don't always! I like him—he's my sort. And something seems to tell me I'm his!"

"I won't gracefully insult you by saying you're everyone's," Tony observed. Then, after an instant, "Is he very much cut up?" he inquired.

"He's utterly staggered. He doesn't understand."

Tony thought again. "No more do I. But you'll console him," he added.

"I'll feed him first," said his neighbour. "I'll take him back with me to luncheon."

"Isn't that scarcely civil?"

"Civil to you?" Mrs. Beever interposed. "That's exactly what he asked me. I told him I would arrange it with you."

"And you're 'arranging' it, I see. But how can you take him if Rose is bringing him in?"

Mrs. Beever was silent a while. "She isn't. She hasn't gone to him. That was for *me*."

Tony looked at her in wonder. "Your operations are rapid," he repeated. "But I found her under the unmistakable effect of a blow."

"I found her exactly as usual."

"Well, that also was for you," said Tony. "Her disappointment's a secret."

"Then I'm much obliged to you for mentioning it."

"I did so to defend her against your bad account of her. But the whole thing's obscure," the young man added with sudden weariness. "I give it up!"

"I don't—I shall straighten it out," Mrs. Beever spoke with high decision. "But I must see your wife first."

"Rather!—she's waiting all this while." He had already opened the door.

As she reached it she stopped again. "Shall I find the Doctor with her?"

"Yes, by her request."

"Then how *is* she?"

"Maddening!" Tony exclaimed; after which, as his visitor echoed the word, he went on: "I mean in her dreadful obsession, to which poor Ramage has had to give way, and which is the direct reason of her calling you."

Mrs. Beever's little eyes seemed to see more than he told her, to have indeed the vision of something formidable. "What dreadful obsession?"

"She'll tell you herself." He turned away to leave her to go, and she disappeared; but the next moment he heard her again on the threshold.

"Only a word to say that that child may turn up."

"What child?" He had already forgotten.

"Oh, if you don't remember—!" Mrs. Beever, with feminine inconsequence, almost took it ill.

Tony recovered the agreeable image.

"Oh, your niece? Certainly—I remember her hair."

"She's not my niece, and her hair's hideous. But if she does come, send her straight home!"

"Very good," said Tony. This time his visitor vanished.

XII.

He moved a minute about the hall; then he dropped upon a sofa with a sense of exhaustion and a sudden need of rest: he stretched himself, closing his eyes, glad to be alone, glad above all to make sure that he could lie still. He wished to show himself he was not nervous; he took up a position with the purpose not to budge till Mrs. Beever should come back. His house was in an odd condition, with luncheon pompously served and no one able to go to it. Poor Julia was in a predicament, poor Rose in another, and poor Mr. Vidal, fasting in the garden, in a greater one than either. Tony sighed as he thought of this dispersal, but he stiffened himself resolutely on his couch. He wouldn't go in alone, and he couldn't even enjoy Mrs. Beever. It next occurred to him that he could still less enjoy her little friend, the child he had promised to turn away; on which he gave a sigh that represented partly privation and partly resignation—partly also a depressed perception of the fact that he had never in all his own healthy life been less eager for a meal. Meanwhile, however, the attempt to stop pacing the floor was a success; he felt as if in closing his eyes he destroyed the vision that had scared him. He was cooler, he was easier, and he liked the smell of flowers in the dusk. What was droll, when he gave himself up to it, was the sharp sense of lassitude; it had dropped on him out of the blue, and it showed him how a sudden alarm—such as, after all, he had had—could drain a fellow in an hour of half his vitality. He wondered whether, if he might be undisturbed a little, the result of this surrender wouldn't be to make him delightfully lose consciousness.

He never knew, afterwards, whether it was in the midst of his hope, or on the inner edge of a doze just achieved, that he became aware of a footfall betraying an uncertain advance. He raised his lids to it and saw before him the pretty girl from the other house, whom, for a moment before he moved, he lay there looking at. He immediately recognised that what had roused him was the fact that, noiselessly and for a few seconds, her eyes had rested on his face. She uttered a blushing "Oh!" which deplored this effect of her propinquity and which brought Tony straight to his feet. "Ah, good morning! How d'ye do?" Everything came back to him but her name. "Excuse my attitude—I didn't hear you come in."

"When I saw you asleep I'm afraid I kept the footman from speaking." Jean Martle was much embarrassed, but it contributed, in the happiest way, to her animation. "I came in because he told me that Cousin Kate's here."

"Oh yes, she's here—she thought you might arrive. Do sit down," Tony added, with his prompt instinct of what, in his own house, was due from a man of some confidence to a girl of none at all. It operated before he could check it, and Jean was as passive to it as if he had tossed her a command; but as soon as she was seated, to obey him, in a high-backed, wide-armed, Venetian chair which made a gilded cage for her flutter, and he had again placed himself—not in the same position—on the sofa opposite, he recalled the request just preferred by Mrs. Beever. He was to send her straight home; yes, it was to be invited instantly to retrace her steps that she sat there panting and pink.

Meanwhile she was very upright and very serious; she seemed very anxious to explain. "I thought it better to come, since she wasn't there. I had gone off to walk home with the Marshes—I was gone rather long; and when I came back she had left the house—the servants told me she must be here."

Tony could only meet with the note of hospitality so logical a plea. "Oh, it's all right—Mrs. Beever's with Mrs. Bream." It was apparently all wrong—he must tell her she couldn't stay; but there was a prior complication in his memory of having invited her to luncheon. "I wrote to your cousin—I hoped you'd come. Unfortunately she's not staying herself."

"Ah, then, I mustn't!" Jean spoke with lucidity, but without quitting her chair.

Tony hesitated. "She'll be a little while yet—my wife has something to say to her."

The girl had fixed her eyes on the floor; she might have been reading there the fact that for the first time in her life she was regularly calling on a gentleman. Since this was the singular case she must at least call properly. Her manner revealed an earnest effort to that end, an effort visible even in the fear of a liberty if she should refer too familiarly to Mrs. Bream. She cast about her, with intensity, for something that would show sympathy without freedom, and, as a result, presently produced: "I came an hour ago, and I saw Miss Armiger. She told me she would bring down the baby."

"But she didn't?"

"No, Cousin Kate thought it wouldn't do."

Tony was happily struck. "It *will* do—it *shall* do. Should you like to see her?"

"I thought I should like it very much. It's very kind of you."

Tony jumped up. "I'll show her to you myself." He went over to ring a bell; then, as he came back, he added: "I delight in showing her. I think she's the wonder of the world."

"That's what babies always seem to me," said Jean. "It's so absorbing to watch them."

These remarks were exchanged with great gravity, with stiffish pauses, while Tony hung about till his ring should be answered.

"Absorbing?" he repeated. "Isn't it, preposterously? Wait till you've watched Effie!"

His visitor preserved for a while a silence which might have indicated that, with this injunction, her waiting had begun; but at last she said with the same simplicity: "I've a sort of original reason for my interest in her."

"Do you mean the illness of her poor mother?" He saw that she meant nothing so patronising, though her countenance fell with the reminder of this misfortune: she heard with awe that the unconscious child was menaced. "That's a very good reason," he declared, to relieve her.



"That's just what I was thinking," said Jean. Then she added, still shy, yet suddenly almost radiant: "I shall always send her something!"

"But so much the better if you've got another too. I hope you'll never want for one to be kind to her."

She looked more assured. "I'm just the person always to be."

"Just the person——?" Tony felt that he must draw her out. She was now arrested, however, by the arrival of a footman, to whom he immediately turned. "Please ask Gorham to be as good as to bring down the child."

"Perhaps she'll think it won't do," Jean suggested as the footman went off.

"Oh, she's as proud of her as I am! But if she doesn't approve, I'll take you upstairs. That'll be because, as you say, you're just the person. I haven't the least doubt of it—but you were going to tell me why."

Jean treated it as if it were almost a secret. "Because she was born on my day."

"Your birthday?"

"My birthday—the twenty-fourth."

"Oh, I see; that's charming—that's delightful!" The circumstance had not quite all the subtlety she had beguiled him into looking for, but her amusing belief in it, which left out all other sharers in the date, mingled oddly, to make him quickly feel that it had enough, with his growing sense that Mrs. Beever's judgment of her hair was a libel. "It's a most extraordinary coincidence—it makes a most interesting tie. Do, therefore, I beg you, whenever you keep your anniversary, keep also a little hers."

"That's just what I was thinking," said Jean. Then she added, still shy, yet suddenly almost radiant: "I shall always send her something!"

"She shall do the same to you!" This idea had a charm even for Tony, who determined on the spot, quite sincerely, that he would, for the first years at least, make it his own charge. "You're her very first friend," he smiled.

"Am I?" Jean thought it wonderful news. "Before she has even seen me!"

"Oh, those *are* the first. You're 'handed down,'" said Tony, humouring her.

She evidently deprecated, however, any abatement of her rarity. "Why, I haven't seen her mother, either."

"No, you haven't seen her mother. But you shall. And you *have* seen her father."

"Yes, I *have* seen her father." Looking at him as if to make sure of it, Jean gave this assertion the assent of a gaze so unrestricted that, feeling herself after an instant caught, as it were, in it, she turned abruptly away.

It came back to Tony at the same moment, with a sort of coarseness, that he was to have sent her home; yet now, somehow, as if half through the familiarity it had taken but these minutes to establish, and half through a perception of her extreme juvenility, his reluctance to tell her so had dropped. "Do you know I'm under a sort of dreadful vow to Mrs. Beever?" Then as she faced him again, wondering: "She told me that if you should turn up I was to pack you off."

Jean stared with a fresh alarm. "Ah, I shouldn't have stayed!"

"You didn't know it, and I couldn't show you the door."

"Then I must go now."

"Not a bit. I wouldn't have mentioned it—to consent to that. I mention it for just the other reason—to keep you here as long as possible. I'll make it right with Cousin Kate," Tony continued. "I'm not afraid of her!" he laughed. "You produce an effect on me for which I'm particularly grateful." She was acutely sensitive; for a few seconds she looked as if she thought he might be amusing himself at her expense. "I mean you soothe me—at a moment when I really want it," he said with a gentleness from which it gave him pleasure to see in her face an immediate impression. "I'm worried, I'm depressed, I've been threshing about in my anxiety. You keep me cool—you're just the right thing." He nodded at her in clear kindness. "Stay with me—stay with me!"

Jean had not taken the flight of expressing a concern for his domestic situation, but in the pity that flooded her eyes at this appeal there was an instant surrender to nature. It was the sweetness of her youth that had calmed him, but in the response his words had evoked she already, on the spot, looked older. "Ah, if I *could* help you!" she timidly murmured.

"Sit down again; sit down!" He turned away. "Here's the wonder of the world!" he exclaimed the next instant, seeing Gorham appear with her charge. His interest in the apparition almost simultaneously dropped, for Mrs. Beever was at the opposite door. She had come back, and Ramage was with her: they stopped short together, and he did the same on catching the direction, as he supposed, of his sharp neighbour's eyes. She had an air of singular intensity; it was peculiarly embodied in a look which, as she drew herself up, she shot straight past him and under the reprobation of which he glanced round to see Jean

Martle turn pale. What he saw, however, was not Jean Martle at all, but that very different person Rose Armiger, who, by an odd chance, and with Dennis Vidal at her side, presented herself at this very juncture at the door of the vestibule. It was at Rose Mrs. Beever stared—stared with a significance doubtless produced by this young lady's falsification of her denial that Mr. Vidal had been actively pursued. She took no notice of Jean, who, while the rest of them stood about, testified to her prompt compliance with any word of Tony's by being the only member of the company in a chair. The sight of Mrs. Beever's face appeared to have deprived her of the force to rise. Tony observed these things in a flash, and also how far the same Medusa-mask was from petrifying Rose Armiger, who, with a bright recovery of zeal by which he himself was wonderstruck, launched without delay a conscientious reminder of luncheon. It was on the table—it was spoiling—it was spoilt! Tony felt that he must gallantly support her. "Let us at last go in, then," he said to Mrs. Beever. "Let us go in," he repeated to Jean and to Dennis Vidal. "Doctor, you'll come too?"

He broke Jean's spell at a touch—she was on her feet; but the Doctor raised, as if for general application, a deterrent, authoritative hand. "If you please, Bream—no banquet." He looked at Jean, at Rose, at Vidal, at Gorham. "I take the house in hand. We immediately subside."

Tony sprang to him. "Julia's worse?"

"No—she's the same."

"Then I may go to her?"

"Absolutely not." Doctor Ramage grasped his arm,

linked his own in it and held him. "If you're not a good boy I lock you up in your room. We immediately subside," he said again, addressing the others; "we go our respective ways, and we keep very still. The fact is, I require a hushed house. But before the hush descends Mrs. Beever has something to say to you."

She was on the other side of Tony, who felt, between them there, like their prisoner. She looked at her little audience, which consisted of Jean and Rose, of Mr. Vidal and the matronly Gorham. Gorham carried in her ample arms a large white sacrifice, a muslin-muffled offering which seemed to lead up to a ceremony. "I have something to say to you because Doctor Ramage allows it, and because we are both under pledges to Mrs. Bream. It's a very peculiar announcement for me to have on my hands, but I've just passed her my promise, in the very strictest manner, to make it, before leaving the house, to every one it may concern, and to repeat it in certain other quarters." She paused again, and Tony, from his closeness to her, could feel the tremor of her solid presence. She disliked the awkwardness and the coercion, and he was sorry for her, because by this time he well knew what was coming. He had guessed his wife's

"So it is, my own," he cried, "a scandal to be talking of 'lifetimes'!" He caught her from the affrighted nurse—he put his face down to hers with passion. Her wail ceased and he held her close to him; for a minute, in silence, as if something deep went out from him, he laid his cheek to her little cheek, burying his head under her veil. When he gave her up again, turning round, the hall was empty of every one save the Doctor, who signalled peremptorily to Gorham to withdraw. Tony remained there meeting his eyes, in which, after an instant, the young man saw something that led him to exclaim: "How dreadfully ill she must be, Ramage, to have conceived a stroke in such taste!"

His companion drew him down to the sofa, patting, soothing, supporting him. "You must bear it, my dear boy—you must bear everything," Doctor Ramage faltered. "Your wife's exceedingly ill."

END OF BOOK FIRST.

"PRO LEONES."

The cruelties towards the early Christians which gave pleasure to the Roman populace have been a fruitful source of inspiration for modern artists. The meeting-

have an important bearing on the Higher Criticism. Professor Margoliouth, the brilliant young Oxford scholar, reconstructed the text of Ecclesiasticus, and tried to show that the style of the Hebrew destroyed the arguments of the Higher Critics for the lateness of Daniel. Professor Margoliouth's view was not accepted by Hebraists at the time, and it has been entirely overthrown now, the reconstruction having proved utterly incorrect.

Nowadays "old lamps for new" is as bad a bargain as it was for Aladdin's mother if it be a case of an old piano fitted with the Piano-Resonator for a new piano without one. The critical audience present the other day when Max Hambourg demonstrated the qualities of the astounding new improvement to the instrument which Cristofali enjoys the credit of having invented quickly appreciated the fact that the simple apparatus of Manganese steel, almost invisible when fitted to the back of an upright or underneath a grand, has an extraordinary effect upon the quality of the instrument! Indeed, one cannot help being pleased to think that it was in this country, which has taken the lead in developing the pianoforte, that was discovered this strange but simple means of



"PRO LEONES."—EDWARD RADFORD.

In the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Copyright Reserved.

extraordinary precaution, which would have been almost grotesque if it hadn't been so infinitely touching. It seemed to him that he gave the measure of his indulgence for it in overlooking the wound to his delicacy conveyed in the publicity she imposed. He could condone this in a tender sigh, because it meant that in consequence of it she'd now pull round. "She wishes it as generally known as possible," Mrs. Beever brought out, "that Mr. Bream, to gratify her at a crisis which I trust she exaggerates, has assured her on his sacred honour that in the event of her death he will not again marry."

"In the lifetime of her daughter, that is," Doctor Ramage hastened to add.

"In the lifetime of her daughter," Mrs. Beever as clearly echoed.

"In the lifetime of her daughter!" Tony himself took up with an extravagance intended to offer the relief of a humorous treatment, if need be, to the bewildered young people whose embarrassed stare was a prompt criticism of Julia's discretion. It might have been in the spirit of a protest still more vehement that, at this instant, a small shrill pipe rose from the animated parcel with which Gorham, participating in the general awkwardness, had possibly taken a liberty. The comical little sound created a happy diversion; Tony sprang straight to the child.

place of martyrs and gladiators, the picturesque appointments of the arena and its occupants, the pathetic incidents which were interwoven with its grim tragedies, have furnished subjects to the painters of every nation and of every period. Among our own painters, and of our own time, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse among oil-painters has always found in the Roman amphitheatre suggestions which he has turned to good account. Mr. Edward Radford ably indicates in the picture we have produced the claim of water-colour artists to deal with such subjects. He has, it is true, taken the most human—if not humane—view of the victims to Roman cruelty. The young girls, chiefly of the slave class, are awaiting in the marble atrium the summons to meet their fate. Resignation, faith, and despair are represented in the faces and attitudes of those who are presently by their lives to testify to their belief. Mr. Radford has treated a difficult subject with great feeling and much self-restraint, and his picture is consequently effective, not only from the point of view of graceful composition, but also from that of pathetic sentiment.

The discovery of some parts of the original text of Ecclesiasticus and their publication in the *Expositor* have attracted great attention from scholars. The documents

increasing and purifying the sounds which come from the potent instrument for annoyance or infinite pleasure, in the perfecting of which the house of Erard Frères has taken a most important part. It is to the judgment of Mr. Daniel Mayer, who perceived the value of the crude invention of one of Erard's workmen, and discovered a way of making it perfect, that we owe the means of rendering old pianos more charming than when in the heyday of their youth, and of causing a new piano to have a grandeur of quality that would compel its maker reluctantly to disavow his instrument unless he knew the secret of the change. In these days, when many a valuable invention remains unappreciated and unused because of the difficulty of making way to the public ear, which has grown deaf through being constantly assailed by loud-sounding imposture, it is pleasant to think that this valuable contrivance has succeeded in attracting due attention, and in getting as ardent admirers such pianists as Paderewski, Frederick Dawson, Max Hambourg, Schönberger, Clothilde Kleeberg, and Muriel Elliot, to say nothing of a host of violinists and singers—one may name Patti, Melba, Macintyre, Plançon, Edward Lloyd, and Bispham—who delight in it because it makes the piano support the tone of the violin or voice in a way hitherto imagined and longed for, but not realised.



THE QUEEN'S GARDEN-PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

LITERATURE.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD'S NEW STORIES.

Mere Stories. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (A. and C. Black).—To be light, even frivolous in manner, yet to have a meaning, and that meaning not at all cynical; to dare a good deal in speaking of the principles and the prejudices of conjugal relations, not for the sake of a theory or because of any morbid interest in the shady sides of life, but mainly out of impulsive feelings of justice, and perhaps a little for the fun of the thing; to be distinctly sentimental and not in the least lachrymose—each of these is rare enough in English fiction. Mrs. Clifford combines them all, and therein lies her clear individuality. There is one story in her new book, "A Woman that had Genius," which, had it been anonymous, we should have been inclined to put down rather to Olive Schreiner. But it is included at the end, perhaps as an afterthought, and need hardly be taken into account in a general estimate of these tales, otherwise so well grouped, so well attuned, and so varied. Of course, Mrs. Clifford has her moods when she wears seriousness as an outer garment, but they are not altogether becoming to her. We much prefer only to guess at the gravity lurking under her laughter and her sentiment, as in "Aunt Anne" and as in the greater number of "Mere Stories."

Four of the tales treat, in varied ways, of the meeting of old friends, who had been something more than mere friends, after years of separation; and between them they give a fairly good idea of Mrs. Clifford's humours and her points of view. Two of them have excellent situations. In "Lady Margrave" a dying man allows himself the last luxury of speaking out his heart to the woman he had loved, who had loved him too, and who was now not very happily married. He bids her an eternal farewell—and then straightway begins to recover. But he was nothing if not a considerate man. His brother's children might be justifiably disappointed; and how awkward for Lady Margrave! Surely he would best prove her lover by— But the pleasant penalty of not guessing his conduct should be the purchase of the stories. In "Julie," on the other hand, all is comedy. Slight as it is, the situation where a respectable man, settled down under the burden of a heavy wife, is bamboozled by his own sentimental recollections and the plausible pathos of an old love who is an admirable comedian into a ridiculous plight, would, with a little development, make an excellent *lever de rideau*. In "John Alwyn" we have an older story, but the personality of the returned lover—now at an age when he cannot conceal his commonplaceness from the woman who has dreamed of him for two-and-twenty years—is capitally presented. These three are the best, though for swift, smart strokes "The Woman and the Philistine," a story in letters, might nearly be ranked with them.

However she varies the treatment, the main themes of her ablest writing Mrs. Clifford always finds in her hatred of dowdiness, especially in mind, of ugly prosperity, of smugness, and of injustice. All her wit and all her sentiment are in arms against these.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

Sheridan, who died in 1816 has had to wait eighty years for a faithful and elaborate biography worthy of him. Mr. W. Fraser Rae's *Sheridan, a Biography*, with an introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquis of Dufferin (two vols. Bentley), supersedes all previous lives of the brilliant Irishman. Lord Melbourne, who had known and admired Sheridan, was in his earlier years a friend of "Tom" Sheridan, the joint hero with his father of a number of anecdotes, many of them apocryphal. According to the late Mr. Torrens McCullagh in his *Life of Lord Melbourne*, when the Hon. W. Lamb, he projected a *Life of Sheridan*, and even made some way with its execution. But when he heard that "Tom" Moore was offered a large sum for a biography of Sheridan, he resigned in Moore's favour, and handed over to the poet what he had written, and the material which he had collected. Lord Melbourne regretted it afterwards. Moore did not approach his task *con amore*, and but for the money would probably not have undertaken it, being intimate with the Whig magnates who harboured resentment against Sheridan for having—at least, so they alleged—thwarted them when office seemed within their grasp. Moore dawdled over his task for years, confessing in his Diary that he was "sick" of it, and that he was at his wits' end for material. The result was the book which has remained until now the standard "*Life of Sheridan*"—clever, of course, but perfunctory and full of serious errors, both of omission and commission. Between thirty and forty years afterwards, Sheridan's beautiful and gifted granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, formed, like her old friend Lord Melbourne long before, an intention to write the *Life of Sheridan*, and the family papers were placed at her disposal. But for some unknown reason her intention was never fulfilled. Seventeen years later appeared Mr. W. Fraser Rae's volume, "*Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox*." Of the sketch of Sheridan which it contained, Lord Dufferin says in his introduction, "The spirit in which it was executed seemed to me so fair and honest, and the author showed so great a familiarity with the times and events of which he treated, that I determined, if an opportunity occurred, to suggest that he should undertake a complete biography of Sheridan." The determination was not modified by the subsequent publication of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "*Lives of the Sheridans*," and of Mrs.

Oliphant's "*Sheridan*," in the "English Men of Letters" series. The family papers have been confided to Mr. Rae. Other archives, among them those of Devonshire House, have been thrown open to him, and Mr. Gladstone has given him "interesting reminiscences of his talks in earlier years with one who knew Sheridan personally." Whatever else could be done to make the work complete has been done by Mr. Rae. He has ransacked old newspapers, periodicals, and the memoirs of Sheridan's own time, and the many illustrations of it that have been published since. His industry and insight have enabled him to throw new light on Sheridan's character and career. He is shown to have been a loving husband and father, a generous friend, a patriotic and consistent politician, and a friend of the people, practically as well as theoretically. Mr. Rae's book has its faults; one of them is redundancy, while, on the other hand, he has failed to examine the charges already referred to, brought against Sheridan by the Whig grandees who made use of him and kept him down. But any and all of Mr. Rae's very slight defects are far outweighed by the service which he has done to the memory of a man of genius in dispelling the traditional notion that Sheridan was a kind of Charles Surface, who emerged now and then from the spunging-house and the tavern to write a witty comedy or deliver a brilliant oration.

Mr. Edwin Sachs and Mr. Woodrow have undertaken a serious task in attempting to deal at all exhaustively with



Photo Van der Weyde, Regent Street.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. IX.—MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford comes of a family once notable in Barbadoes, where her grandfather, Mr. John Brandford Lane, was some time Speaker of the House of Assembly. As a girl she lived in the country with her grandmother, and at fifteen began to write stories. These gradually found their way into print in various magazines. In 1875 she married the late Professor W. K. Clifford, one of the most brilliant mathematicians of the century, who died in 1879. Mrs. Clifford subsequently turned her thoughts to literary work again, and published three volumes for children. She first became known to fame in 1885 as the author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime," a novel much talked of in its day, but since somewhat eclipsed by the popularity of her "Aunt Anne." Besides these two powerful character-studies, and a third long novel, "A Flash of Summer," which made its first appearance as a serial in *The Illustrated London News*, she has written a number of stories of slighter bulk, notably "A Wild Proxy," "Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," and "The Last Touches." Her latest volume, "*Mere Stories*," is reviewed in these columns.

Modern Opera Houses and Theatres, of which the number and importance increase each year. The first volume of this encyclopædic work (London: Batsford) proves, however, that the authors propose to grapple with their subject in real earnest, whilst the publisher nobly supports them by photo-lithographic reproductions of innumerable views, diagrams, and working drawings necessary to make such an elaborate work complete. The conditions under which theatres are erected vary in different countries. Private enterprise, public subscriptions, the municipality, the State, and the Court being the most common; but, as the editors point out, the people's theatre is fast becoming a recognised institution—that recently erected at Worms being probably one of the first. It is curious to note the relative size of theatres to the capitals in which they are erected. The largest house in London figures very small beside the theatres of Odessa, Frankfort, or even Helsingfors. It is true that in housing the drama we make up in number what is lacking in size, but we may add that, so far as decoration is concerned, we have a good deal to learn from our neighbours. In glancing over the admirable plates by which Messrs. Sachs and Woodrow's volume is illustrated, one is struck by the very rigid requirements

of theatre-building. For some cause, not equally clear, the exterior design and elevation of the majority of theatres and opera-houses are to all intents and purposes identical. Mr. D'Oyly Carte's venture in Shaftesbury Avenue being almost the only building which offers any original suggestions. The struggle for size-supremacy between the opera-houses of Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg seems to be altogether without relation to the population of those capitals; but this is not to be accepted as the strictest criterion of the theatre-going public. We might perhaps go a step further and add that the standard of comfort insisted upon by foreign playgoers is very much higher—all question of price of admission being put aside—than we are ready to put up with in this country. Whether this is a matter bound up with the wider question of State subventions or municipal control it is not necessary to discuss, but it is one which forces itself upon the mind in glancing through Mr. Sachs' interesting and valuable volumes.

Seven-and-twenty years ago the Rev. F. A. Malleon, the able and earnest Vicar of Broughton-in-Furness, a personal friend as well as an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Ruskin, asked him to write some thoughts on religion to be read and discussed by the members of the Furness Clerical Society. Nothing loth, Mr. Ruskin penned eleven letters "on the Lord's Prayer and the Church." By Mr. Malleon and his friends it was thought desirable to print them in order to ensure them the consideration due to their interest and to the eminence of their author. The result was a little brochure of thirty-nine pages, issued in lavender-coloured paper wrappers. Only 150 copies were printed, for private circulation, and it is now extremely rare, even the Library of the British Museum being without a copy. Mr. Malleon then bethought him of procuring for the letters a wider publicity, with wider criticism than that of two or three clerical societies. Accordingly he reprinted the eleven letters in the *Contemporary Review* for December 1879, and invited comments on them from clergy and laity alike. They responded to the invitation freely, Mr. Malleon wrote a copious commentary of his own, and all these additions having been submitted to Mr. Ruskin, the original little brochure was expanded in 1880 into a rather substantial volume, with the title *The Lord's Prayer and the Church, Letters to the Clergy by John Ruskin, D.C.L. With Replies by Clergy and Laity, and an Epilogue by Mr. Ruskin*. Edited, with essays and comments, by the Rev. F. A. Malleon, etc. The whole edition was sold off in a week, and in 1883 appeared a second one, which is now out of print. Mr. Ruskin's publisher, Mr. George Allen, has just issued, under Mr. Malleon's auspices, a third edition, the title-page of which would be an exact reproduction of that of the first edition but for the words "with additional letters by Mr. Ruskin." Partly to make room for these, partly in deference to the susceptibilities of the "Master," who did not relish the remarks of some of his commentators, their comments have been abridged. Such of Mr. Ruskin's admirers as are unacquainted with either of the previous editions will doubtless read the new one with eagerness, dealing as it does with those highest and most solemn of themes, which, of course, are unfitted for treatment in these columns. The new letters are private and familiar effusions, generally brief and dashed off in haste. From the state of his health, Mr. Ruskin could not be consulted as to the details of the publication of the volume, and the new letters are printed without his leave having been asked. Though not very striking, they are always characteristic, and Mr. Malleon has reason to be proud of the affectionate tone in which he is addressed by one whom he reveres so highly. Mr. Ruskin shows himself in them as he was in his Brantwood home, and in undress, as it were. Here is a specimen of his domestic amiability and submissiveness in matters literary. He is writing about a composition which he has given to one of his "girl secretaries" to copy. "I am sadly afraid," he says, "she'll make me cut out some of the spicier bits; the girl secretaries are always allowed to put their pens through anything they choose."

The "Pictorial and Practical Guide" to the Metropolis, published under the title of *London* by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden, has already reached the fiftieth thousand of its issue. So old and so tried a friend of the tourist hardly needs an added commendation from the Londoner, yet we can give it without stint. There is an amazing mass of information, ranging from nice points of history to a hansom fare. Here and there, perhaps, the knowledge of the writer has led him to be a little less explicit than the foreign reader, with a halting knowledge of English, might require, and even vaguer at times than the plain country cousin would find quite sufficing. No doubt limitations of space may be put in excuse, but sometimes the information, which is apt to be misleading, happens to be also a trifle superfluous. For instance, we read: "In Harrow Road are the London Lock Hospital, the Paddington Infirmary, St. Vincent's Home for Boys, and (of a like nature, though supported by the rates) the Paddington Workhouse." The phrase "of a like nature," will enlighten no ignorance, and it may darken knowledge. We mention the case because it is characteristic; and when *London* is reprinted it will be worth while to go through the volume with a pencil that can cancel as well as supplement. For the rest we have nothing but praise for the excellent maps, plans, tables, for its clear type, and for the index which completes its usefulness as a working guide-book to a tourist in a hurry.

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In Mr. William Black's "Briseis" he introduces an American Professor. He is Professor of Anglophobia in some University or other, certainly neither Yale nor Harvard. These Universities are to us like Oxford and Cambridge over the water—sisters of Oxford and Cambridge. There are plenty of other American Universities, I believe, of all sorts, many good, no doubt, some, perhaps, indifferent. How far an American Professor (of English, at Yale) could carry Anglophobia I did not know until I peeped into Professor Lounsbury's "Life of Cooper" (Boston, 1895). I was prejudiced neither against biographer nor (in Mr. Gladstone's phrase) "biographee." To Cooper all who were boys when I was a boy owe nothing but gratitude. Oh, to be ten again, and read "The Last of the Mohicans"! I am afraid to repeat the experiment, but Cooper wrote true romance. As to Professor Lounsbury, if he is the editor of Chaucer, I have never heard his "Chaucer" mentioned but with eulogy. Perhaps the British Chaucerians assail him; they are a quarrelsome set of men. But the general voice is the voice of praise.

Alas, Professor Lounsbury's "Cooper" is not a delightful work. Cooper "enjoined his family to permit

Then a Mr. Webb said that an English peer had told him that Cooper's attacks on England injured his sale in this country, and that Cooper, therefore, was trying to regain his ground by attacking America. Perhaps an English peer did say this; but reported conversations are very ticklish evidence. However, Professor Lounsbury writes (and this is the melancholy thing): "The reported conversation carries internal evidence of authenticity. It required a very noble lord to attribute to a well-known writer motives so very noble; and none but an Englishman could have appreciated so fully the eternal conditions of success in the English market."

Oh, Professor Lounsbury! Was it "a very noble lord" who wrote of Cooper as "a base-minded caitiff who had traduced his country for filthy lucre and low-born spleen"? No, it was not "a very noble lord"; it was an American citizen—Mr. Webb, in fact. Cooper was so ill-advised as to bring an action for libel. Professor Lounsbury does not know what the end of it all was.

What are "the eternal conditions of success in the English market"? What are the conditions common to the success of Hawthorne, Poe, Lowell, Prescott, Mr. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Longfellow, Emerson—all the

works, as Scott both offered to do *and did of the 'Tales of My Landlord' in the Quarterly.*" I ask, in all humility, is the English here quite worthy of a Professor of English? Sir Walter never learned to read, he told Lockhart; still less did he learn to write; but I doubt if he "offered to review of" his own novels. By way of keeping up the secret of the authorship he offered to review them, "and did"; it is understood that Erskine took up the pen where the merits of the books were concerned. Yet again, Cooper, we are told, accused the British Press of "ferocious blackguardism of personal and political foes." What does this mean? Probably Professor Lounsbury ought to have written "of ferocious blackguardism in its criticism of personal and political foes."

These are Occidental pearls at random strung. "Correction of any errors, if such are found, will be gratefully welcomed," says the learned Professor. If I am right in my lowly efforts at correction, no doubt Professor Lounsbury will be grateful. By the way, had not the *Knickerbocker Magazine* reviewed Lockhart favourably, till the passage about Cooper's "manner" appeared in the last volume, and did not Cooper's attack on the book, and on Scott, follow the publication of that passage? Professor Lounsbury does not print it as it is printed in Scott's



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: CHARGE OF THE DERVISH CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF FERKET.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

no authorised account of his life to be prepared." Cooper was quite right. His portrait, admirably engraved, is that of a cantankerous John Bull of Landor's species. It must be admitted, I fear, that Cooper *was* cantankerous. He wrote on England, after being entertained here, and "pitched into us," it seems, like Hawthorne, or as Dickens pitched into the Americans. I must censure all who eat the salt of a person or a people and then attack him or them. Thackeray did not do this, bless him! But it is, or was, the usual thing to do. When Cooper went home, he did not crack the Americans up, he did the reverse; and his was thenceforth a life of quarrels and of actions for libel. All this is really unessential now; he gave us Chingachgook and "The Pathfinder"—

And still I love the Delaware,
And still I hate the Mingo,

as one of our own poets has said. It was wrong of Lockhart to print what Scott said in his "Journal" about Cooper's "manner or want of manner"—not "manners," mark you, but "manner." Well, when this remark appeared—I don't say *because* it appeared—Cooper sat down and, as Mr. Charles Sumner said, "castigated the vulgar minds of Scott and Lockhart." Professor Lounsbury quotes Mr. Sumner to this entertaining effect. It was all long ago; it has all been raked up by Professor Lounsbury. This is almost a pity. The American reviewers, or one of them, spoke of Cooper's essay as an "attempt to vilify the object of his impotent and contemptible hatred"—namely, Sir Walter. The language is a little strong.

great American writers? In these conditions there can be nothing but honour. Perhaps Mr. E. P. Roe is more popular with his own people than with us, but the great American writers have all prospered here by dint of their genius, for no other reasons, on no other "eternal conditions." Every American will recognise this truth, and Professor Lounsbury, on mature reflection, will probably agree with ideas so natural and obvious.

As Professor Lounsbury may be preparing for a new edition, I would advise him, in a spirit of forgiveness, to look after his style. I am not, like him, a Professor of English, and I never even "sat under" such a Professor. Nor do I say that Professor Lounsbury's English is ungrammatical and slipshod; but I think the following examples need his consideration, perhaps his correction.

"Belong here" is now a recognised idiom in America: it was not so, I think, forty years ago. But what of *this* (p. 58):—"This sort of patting on the back was thought a proud illustration of the generosity of the British character, and as putting the recipient of it under obligations. . . ." Again (p. 191): "The editor then went on to speak of the act of meanness, as he termed it, which had excited the contempt of the novelist's neighbours; and that the more precise account now furnished . . . would rather increase than diminish the measure of scorn that had been aroused. Much was Weed's surprise. . . ." My surprise is also much. Why "and that"? Once more: "It would not have been possible for him to review his own

Journal. He writes "manners," not "manner"; probably Mr. Douglas's reading is correct; he is a most careful editor. The points in grammar, or in style, I would gladly submit to arbitration. The Professors of English in Harvard, St. Andrews, and Trinity College, Dublin; or in Columbia College, Glasgow, and Cornell would make an impartial commission, by whose decision I am ready to abide. Is *this*, again, pretty English for a Professor: "Not even did he have the fear of the Historical Society itself before his eyes"? *Not even did he have!* It sounds rather odd.

Cooper was wise (not always "did he have" wisdom) when he objected to the publication of his biography. Necessarily the work is destitute of such letters as his family possesses. Readers and lovers of Cooper's novels, applauded as these works were by Scott and Thackeray, can only be pained by the report of the author's indiscretions, and saddened by the spectacle of a life so much and so needlessly embittered. Professor Lounsbury does not seem to be so very enthusiastic about the good novels. His, at least, is not seductive and alluring criticism; he appears to be more concerned with the old squabbles, the forgotten ferocities of the British and American Press. Professor Lounsbury says that Cooper's first novel was "the expression of English cant." And he cites from the novel this phrase: "He had been too much round the person of our beloved Sovereign," and so on. "Round the person"! That is not an English expression at all.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: THE ARTILLERY OF COLONEL BURN-MURDOCH'S COLUMN GALLOPING ACROSS THE DESERT TO THE HEIGHTS ABOVE FERKET.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Sappington Wright.

In the advance on Firket on June 7, the column which was dispatched under Colonel Burn-Murdoch by the desert route, while the Sirdar's main force advanced along the river-side, was afraid of being too late for the battle, and covered the last four miles at a gallop.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

A hundred and thirty years, all but a few months, ago, a young, good-looking, amiable, and accomplished Princess left these shores to make a new home in Denmark. She also was the daughter of the heir to the English throne, the sister of a future King. But her father died before she was born; and the circumstances of the marriage of the fifteen-years-old Mathilda of Wales to the seventeen-years-old Christian VII. of Denmark were altogether different from those that preside in the present case. I, therefore, not only sincerely trust that the union of Princess Maud will be a happier one than that of the ill-fated daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, but feel practically certain that no complications like those which marred Mathilda's existence could arise.

In the first place the young bride, though occupying an exalted station, will not have the burden of a crown. Of course I am leaving the most untoward accidents out of my calculations; secondly, there is no Juliana of Brunswick to plot and to devise against her and her husband in favour of her own son, as was the case in Mathilda's life; thirdly, Princess Maud goes to her own kindred—to her mother's home—and, but for the fact of Copenhagen being very unlike London, and Court life there being unlike ours, her domestic surroundings will scarcely be modified. If anything, the change will probably be extremely pleasant to her.

The royal family of Denmark is, to use a French expression, more or less *pot-au-feu*. King Christian IX. is far advanced in years and may be no longer as active as he used to be, but I fancy that his son and heir to the throne, the Crown Prince Frederick, is almost as unassuming in his daily intercourse with his future subjects as his sire, and follows the latter's example of going about virtually unattended. King Christian's companions, a decade since, were two great danes. When they made their appearance, in no matter which quarter of the capital, it was absolutely taken for granted by the inhabitants of that quarter that the King was not far off.

The danes were allowed to pass; not so their royal master. The approach of the hounds, especially in the poorer parts of the city, was hailed by those who happened to stand at their doors with a shout of satisfaction, which shout served as a kind of signal to all those who had a real or fancied grievance to ventilate, and who forthwith also repaired to their thresholds. They claimed summary justice, and, except in very important disputes, King Christian, like Saint Louis under the oak at Vincennes, gave it there and then. It was no unusual thing for some old woman to refuse compliance with the behest of the police. "You wait till the King comes round," was the stereotyped answer, "and we'll see who is right." And, to the credit of the Copenhageners be it said, they never grumbled at King Christian's decision.

The same free-and-easy attitude he adopted towards his subjects in the streets marked the King's intercourse with them at the theatre and at all public ceremonies save, perhaps, the fêtes at the Court. The royal box at the principal theatre was and, I believe, is still in no way distinguished from the rest, except for its size, for the royal family of Denmark are inveterate playgoers and intensely fond of music. Between the acts, King Christian used to stroll into the lobbies, accompanied by his eldest son, and not unfrequently made his appearance in the *foyer*, and even at the refreshment-bar. It is on record that on one occasion he offered refreshment to an old and trusty Court official, but when it came to paying for the same, he had to make a signal to Prince Frederick, who was standing chatting at the other end of the room. "Lend me some money," he said, "I have been treating—and I can't pay." It reminds one of Emperor Wilhelm meeting his grandchildren in the Thiergarten in Berlin and offering them pennies. "Yes, grandfather," the little ones shouted with delight. But the Emperor had no money, neither coppers nor silver. One day he shouted to Moltke, whom he happened to espy, "Moltke, give me some pennies for the children." "I haven't a red cent upon me, your Majesty," was the answer.

Queen Louise and her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess Louise, are not quite so utterly *sans-façon* as their respective husbands, but they are not the submissive slaves of etiquette. Prince Waldemar is very simple in his tastes. His wife, the daughter of the Duc de Chartres, is a trifle more *ancien régime*, which fact is in itself somewhat surprising, seeing that her father, her paternal grandfather (the Duc d'Orleans), and her maternal grandfather (the Prince de Joinville), and above all, her great-grandfather (Louis Philippe) were almost entirely free from preoccupations of this kind.

Upon the whole Princess Maud will find life very pleasant indeed. It will be free from many of the restrictions which have beset her girlish life at home. Copenhagen is, perhaps, not quite as clean as it might be—at any rate it was not a few years ago—but it is very jolly, and the beauty of its site is absolutely unrivalled. Within half-an-hour's walk you may have as many changes of scenery as the most perfectly staged Adelphi melodrama will afford during its four acts. And the Danes are as loyal to King Christian and his family as Englishmen are to the family of Queen Victoria.

In appreciation of the services rendered in Parliament by Mr. Cyril Dodd, Q.C., representing the Maldon Division of Essex, the Liberals of that district have presented him with a handsome solid silver tea and coffee service and tray, suitably engraved, and Mrs. Dodd with a diamond bracelet. The diamond bracelet and silver suite were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, London.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G H (Braemar).—We are sorry we cannot answer by post. If, however, White plays as given in the solution—namely, Q to K R 8th—there is no means of preventing the mate in two by capture of pieces or anything else.

TUXEN (Newcastle).—You are complimentary indeed to the author of No. 2728 when you compare him to the famous composers of Denmark. He will appreciate your good opinion.

H T BAILEY (Kentish Town).—Your problem shall be examined, but the key is a very old story.

G ADAMS (Eckington).—As it is White's move the game is drawn. It is a case of stalemate.

W BIDDLE.—We hope the final correction will stand every test.

G B F (Dundee).—Thanks for your letter and enclosures. We trust the book may be a great success.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2720 and 2721 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2724 from Evans (Port Hope, Ont.); of No. 2726 from J Lake Ralph, T Isaac (Maldon), T Shakespear, Thomas Naneek (Newport), Oliver Icingle, G T Hughes (Portman), and A Mindwich; of No. 2727 from C W Smith (Stroud), H H (Peterborough), S Davis (Leicester), E P Vulliamy, C E M (Ayr), Marie S Priestley (Bangor, Co. Down), Oliver Icingle, Thomas Naneek, J Lake Ralph, J Bailey (Newark), E G Boys, F J Candy, R Worters (Canterbury), Captain J A Challie (Great Yarmouth), E Loudon, J D Tucker (Leeds), and John M Robert (Crossgar, Co. Down).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2728 received from T Chown, H T Atterbury, F J Candy, E G Boys, J D Tucker (Leeds), Thomas Naneek, Oliver Icingle, H S Brandreth (Hanover), W P Hind, Dr F St, C E Perugini, J S Wesley (Exeter), John K Leys, G T Hughes, Captain Spencer, E Loudon, Alpha, R Worters (Canterbury), M Rieloff, F N Braund, W H Williamson (Belfast), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, J Lake Ralph (Purley), F James (Wolverhampton), C W Smith (Stroud), Shadforth, W R Raillem, J Coad, Frank Proctor (Knockes-sur-Mer), Sorrento, S Davis (Leicester), Hereward, H Rodney, J Desanges, Dawn, B Copland (Chelmsford), H E Lee (Ipswich), Martin F, Fred J Gross, R H Brooks, Bluet, E P Vulliamy, H M Farrington, F Waller (Luton), and Tuxen (Newcastle).

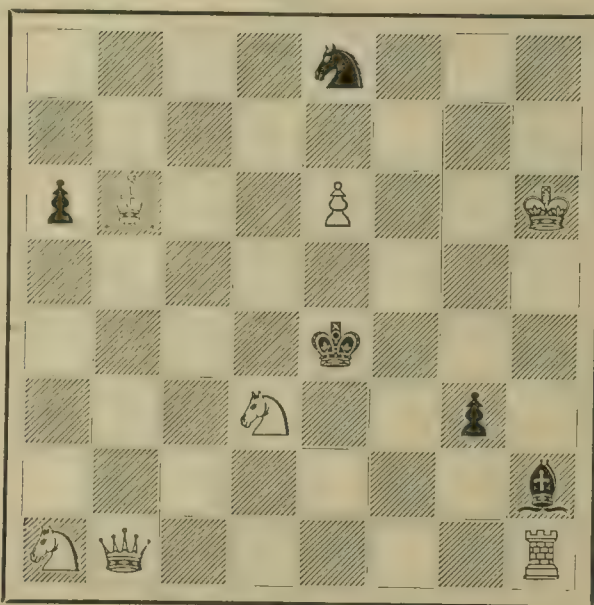
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2727.—By F. G. TUCKER.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt sq Any move
2. Q B or Kt mates accordingly

PROBLEM No. 2730.

By A. G. FELLOWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and J. LAMBERT.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 3rd	20. P to Q B 3rd	P to B 4th
2. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	21. P takes Q P	B takes P
3. Q Kt to Q 2nd	P to K 4th	22. Kt to Q 2nd	B to B 3rd
4. K Kt to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd	23. Kt to K 4th	K to B 2nd
5. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	24. K R to Q sq	B to Kt 2nd
6. Q to K 2nd		25. Q to B 2nd	B to K 2nd
		26. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
		27. Kt to Kt 3rd	P to K R 4th
		28. Q takes Kt P	
		29. B to Kt 2nd	P to Kt 5th
		30. Q to B 4th	R to Kt sq
			Kt to Kt 3rd
		31. Kt takes R P (ch)	R takes Kt
		32. Q takes Kt P (ch)	R to Kt 4th
		33. B takes R	P takes B
		34. P to K R 4th	Q to Q sq
		35. P takes P	B takes Kt P
		36. R to R sq	K to B 3rd
		37. P to K B 4th	P takes P
		38. Q R to K sq	Resigns

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

Game played by telegraph between Messrs. ESLING (Victoria) and WALLACE (New South Wales).

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	10. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt takes Q Kt P
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd		
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
4. B to B 4th	P to Q B 4th		
5. P to K 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd		
6. Kt to Kt 5th			
		11. P takes Kt	B takes P (ch)
		12. K to K 2nd	P takes P
		13. Q to R 4th	P to Q R 4th
		14. B to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd
		15. P to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 4th
		16. B takes Kt	Q takes B
		17. Kt to Q 4th	R to Q sq
		18. P to K B 4th	P to K 4th
		19. P takes P	P to Kt 5th (ch)
		20. K Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 4th
		21. Q to B 2nd	R takes Kt
		22. P takes R	Q takes Q P
		23. R to R 2nd	Q takes K P (ch)
		24. K to Q sq. Q mates at K 8th, 24. K to B 2nd being answered by the fatal check at B 4th.	

Mr. G. B. Fraser, of Dundee, announces for early publication a collection of two hundred games played in correspondence tournaments organised by himself between the years 1887 and 1896. The price will be 2s. 6d., and application may be sent to the compiler. We quote above one of the selected games.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Most of my readers, I doubt not, are familiar with the theory of the erection of coral reefs propounded by Charles Darwin, as the outcome of his studies of the coral structures he met with in the wanderings of his early years. Starting with the fact that coral can only live in a limited depth of sea, Darwin sought to reconcile with this fact another and obvious circumstance—namely, that coral reefs are to be met with which rise from depths of sea of almost unfathomable extent. The older naturalists solved the difficulty by assuming that the coral polypes built up reefs from their own depths, on foundations afforded by submarine mountains. But it was shown that such elevations of the ocean-bed are extremely rare, and in most ocean-basins non-existent; and so this view of coral-reef building had to be renounced. Darwin, on the other hand, showed that if we take into account the sinking of land—that common cosmical condition—we could account satisfactorily for the erection of reefs in deep waters. Beginning at their own depths, the coral polypes construct a fringing reef on the shores of, say, an island. We see such a reef to-day encircling Mauritius. So long as the land remains *in statu quo*, no alteration will take place in the reef because the coral polypes have already reached their furthest limit of depth below, and because they cannot, of course, build out of the water above. But, if the land begins to be depressed by crust-movements, then a fresh basis is afforded for the upward growth of the corals. As the land descends, the uppermost corals grow and increase, until a barrier-reef appears. This reef shows us the original land, with its coral reef, not close in shore as was the case with the fringing reef, but having the reef separated from the land by a belt or sheet of water.

If, lastly, the barrier reef, in its turn, begins to sink, the upward growth of the coral will continue. When the original land has completely disappeared under the sea, we find a great coral cup encircling it, and it is the rim or edge of this cup which comes to the surface and constitutes the atoll or lagoon island. This island is more or less circular in shape, and consists of a coral ring, enclosing a central sea-lake. Its size and shape, one can see, will depend on the size and shape of the island, which, now hid in the abysses of the ocean, formed its original foundation. The late Professor Dana, of America, arrived independently at much the same conclusions regarding the origin of coral reefs. Of late days, however, another view of matters has been laid before the world of science. This second theory was propounded by Dr. J. Murray, as the result of his observations of reefs made when one of the natural history staff on board H.M.S. *Challenger*. It was this theory which having neglected—a charge one scarcely regrets having been made, baseless as it was—since it drew a magnificent and crushing rejoinder to the dual contentions from Professor Huxley. Briefly stated, the theory of Dr. Murray brings us back in some degree to the old mountain-theory. It is thought that corals may find a foundation on oceanic deposits, and that the ring-shape of the atoll may be due, not to its representing the rim of a coral cup encircling original land, but to the eating out and chemical wasting of the coral substance.

It is possible that there may be room in nature for both theories of coral reef. Hitherto, in common with not a few of my scientific brethren, I have failed to find that Dr. Murray's views explain the facts of coral-structure in the all-round fashion in which Darwin's theory effected that end; but, whether one or both views be ultimately proved to be correct, there is cause for rejoicing to be found in the fact that the boring of a coral reef for the purpose of settling the points to which I have alluded is now in course of progress. This is an interesting illustration of a deliberate attempt to verify by actual mechanical work and labour the inductive inferences of a theory. The reef in question is called Funafuti; it is situated north of the Fijis in latitude 10 deg. south and longitude 179 deg. east. In circumference it measures fifteen miles, and in largest diameter seven miles. On this coral reef about four hundred people live, including a white trader and a native missionary. The boring will extend to about one thousand feet, and a diamond-drilling plant has been obtained, thanks to the energy of Professor Anderson Stuart, of the University of Sydney, who has been the leading spirit in carrying out the practical details of the scheme.

The scheme itself originated with the British Association, which wished to carry into practice Darwin's own suggestion of boring into a reef and of determining the exact nature of its foundations. The Admiralty have provided a surveying vessel, and grants of money have been made by the Government Grant Committee of the British Association, and by the Royal Society. I understand H.M.S. *Penguin* was to leave Sydney on May 1, on the expedition, the vessel being commanded by Captain Field. The diamond-drilling plant to be employed in the work of boring has been obtained from the Department of Mines of New South Wales. If success attends these efforts we may hope to have the important and interesting question of this foundation of a coral reef finally settled, and to discover whether the atoll has been erected on coral reefs of preceding stages or on lime formations of other kinds, on heaped-up oceanic matter, or, perchance, on some denuded land.

Dr. Arthur Ransome, in a suggestive paper on the relations of tuberculosis and leprosy, tells us that matter coughed up from the lungs of consumptives, and containing the tubercle bacilli, retained its powers of infection for two or three months when exposed in "a poor, badly-drained cottage." The same material, exposed to air and light in a hospital, and in a well-ventilated, well-lighted, and well-drained house, lost entirely its infectious powers. Exposure of the tubercle bacilli to air and light, "even for two days only, and for an hour of sunshine," killed them completely. Contrariwise, guinea-pigs were infected by tubercle bacilli which had been kept in the dark (and with very little air) for thirty-five days. Powerful testimony this to the germ-killing powers of fresh air and, above all, of light.





1. Stele of Merenptah on which the word "Israel" is found. Figures on top of Stele.

2. Hieroglyphics representing the word "Israel" on Stele of Merenptah.

3. Painting of a *Da* or Soul worshipping a Tree-Goddess.

4. Nekt-ef-Müt, the High Priest of Amon.

5. Wooden Figure holding Serpents.

6. Head of Amenhotep III., 1420 B.C.

7. Portrait of Princess Sat-Amen, Daughter of Amenhotep III.

8. Assyrian Helmet.

9. Jackal.

10. Foundation Deposits of Queen Tausert.

11. Brick of Foundation Deposit with Cartouche of Queen Tausert.

12. Painting on Pottery of Girl and Dog.

13. Trial Piece from School of Sculpture.



A PICNIC.—R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE ADVANCE TOWARDS DONGOLA: CAPTAIN FITTON'S HORSE SHOT UNDER HIM IN THE BATTLE OF FERKET.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

I shall feel that I am an absolute fraud if I write about fashions this week, for, truth to tell, I have been spending the last six days in a punt on the Thames. I have seen but little save shirts and sailor hats and serge skirts, while one or two of the residents in my mansion have been amiable enough to don tea-gowns in the evening for my special delectation; beyond that, fashion has been a dead letter to me. However, there is much to be said, if you are of a chatty disposition, on the subject of shirts, the most delightful examples being made, this year, of muslin which I shall call, for lack of a better expression, Dresden china muslin, for the patterns are borrowed from the best of this, and very sweet they look. A special shirt which has excited my envy displays squares of white and pink, the pink showing little groups of roses. Another one is of white, with odd little stripes of dark blue, sprays of roses again dotting the surface at intervals. These shirts, completed with white linen collars, cuffs, and necktie of the same muslin, make capital summer frocks for young slim girls in combination with light grey or white flannel skirts. The white flannel skirt is, however, a luxury even to the wealthy; it does not pretend to keep clean for more than three days. A cheaper substitute is the skirt of white linen. And talking of white linen skirts reminds me of a lady who came down from London on a bicycle yesterday; she was wearing a skirt of white linen, a shirt of silk grass-lawn drawn into a belt of white kid and supplied at the neck by a turned-down collar of white linen and a large necktie of white silk, with pointed ends; her hat was of tan-tinted straw, with a plain open brim and a crown decked with yellow and white roses guileless of foliage and turned up at the back to display two rosettes of pale blue ribbon, while on one side of the front stood a group of white quills. The wearer was a French woman, who committed the audacity of white shoes. The effect was, though entirely foreign to my notions of what a bicycling costume should be, distinctly *chic*. The linen skirt would have been a distinct failure had there been the least breeze, for it was cut on a simple principle and unlined, while beneath it were worn white linen knickerbockers. There exists a practice of attaching the front and the back of the bicycling skirt with a piece of elastic, but this is a practice which seems to me lacking in reasonableness, and it complicates life distressingly. The best cycling skirt—I have said it six times, so it must be true—is that which is divided at the back and made with an apron in front. A linen skirt made on this principle may be successful if the material be sufficiently heavy, or, failing that, if it be lined.

Let me return once more to my shirts: let me tell of a shirt of white lawn, patterned with mauve flowers in stripes, alternating with rows of black spots, and of a shirt of butcher-blue batiste, with every seam showing beadings of white lace, the collar and cuffs and front being embroidered with white cotton in a design of poppies; this, worn with a powder-blue serge skirt and belted with white, crowned with a blue hat with masses of blue cornflowers upon it, formed a charming country gown, and it has been worn in my immediate vicinity by an attractive person who shall be nameless.

On that part of the river which I have been delighted to honour, a straw sailor hat, with a plain black ribbon round, is *de rigueur*, and unless we played tennis, we were all of us bound to wear it. And how differently girls adjust this! I believe that the whole character of a woman could be told by the way she puts on her sailor hat. But perhaps if we knew each other's characters, we had best not tell them, for that way actions for slander might lie.

It is very pretty to see the little children in costumes emulating those of their mothers. A dainty little maiden who has been of the party had quite a variety of blouses and coloured skirts, but her blouses were made of very superior material, the finest of batiste striped and flowered with large sailor collars outlined with a beading and

bordered with a frill edged with Valenciennes lace; these were tied at the neck with a bow of the batiste, and trimmed down the front with frills of the same, edged with the lace, while they were cut to overhang the skirt band and were completed for cold weather with Eton jackets, the sailor collars of the blouses being worn over the coat. The hats of this well-dressed little damsel had straw crowns and frills made of thickly kilted muslin edged with lace, and the stockings and shoes were of irreproachable tan. The passion for white boots and shoes grows weekly, or, if I were of a punful disposition, I should say "strongly." Abroad these are worn with coloured silk stockings to match the gown; but over here they are frequently seen in combination with black silk stockings, when they are quite frightful, and tan stockings, when they are scarcely less unbecoming. They really look their best with white ribbed silk stockings; but which of us is brave enough to lead the way to a revival of white stockings? I am afraid the ankles of the present generation do not justify such proceedings; while, if we continue on our bicycling way, still further shall we place this proceeding without the range of becoming possibility. Bicycling has a curiously different effect upon different people: it will make the stout woman slim and the slim woman stout. It is "a contrary beast," as the housemaid constantly observes when she endeavours to wheel it into the outhouse and succeeds in knocking it against every post and corner.

But I am forgetting to write about those tea-gowns which have been delighting my eyes. One inspiring example worthy of all praise was made of white soft silk of

When the latter Princess was married, she observed to a friend that one of the greatest pleasures that she could now enjoy was to "go shopping." At Marlborough House, as in the Queen's own case, "shopping" is not indulged in; the needful purchasing is always privately done. The Princess of Wales, for herself and her daughters, makes a selection of materials in the first instance from patterns, and then chooses the styles of making from water-colour drawings that are done on purpose, and yet are very detailed and quite finished. With these pictures, and the patterns of material, the royal order is given; then the fitting is done in the first place on a "dummy" of the respective figures of the Princesses. The final fitting of the dresses is performed only by the ladies'-maids; but so carefully has all been done in the work-rooms of the dressmakers and tailors patronised that it is rare for any alteration to be required after the gown is completed.

An elaborate description of the costume that Princess Maud intended to wear for her "going-away" dress was circulated last week, and in the hat assigned for the purpose figured "an osprey aigrette." But a contradiction was at once made of this latter item. All the Princesses, however, do wear ospreys in their bonnets. I wonder what is the truth about that graceful plume? Terrible tales have been circulated for some years past as to the necessity that exists of taking these plumes from the species of heron that furnishes them in the breeding season alone; and our sympathy was urgently, even fiercely, demanded for the baby birds consequently left dying of hunger in the nest. Now, this account seemed intrinsically improbable: for, in the first place, the season

of family cares is no more favourable to beauty in birds than in humans: it is the *pairing* season that brings forth beauty; and in the second place, if it were true that every bonnet-bearing these feathers meant one or two mother-birds killed and their offspring destroyed, the consequence by this time must have been the extreme scarcity of the feathers and their costliness in proportion—which has not happened. In any case, why should excited gentlemen pretend that it is an enormity to kill birds to ornament women, while they remain silent as to the slaughter of thousands of birds day after day for months for men's sport? But apart from that, is it in fact true that the birds are killed in the breeding season and after the little ones are out of the egg? If so, this must exterminate a species.

This is, one would think, a matter of fact on which there could be no shadow of doubt. But, instead, there is a singular contest.

A dealer some months ago assured me that the thicker, more brush-like aigrettes were all artificial in the sense that they were pared down from the feathers of common birds used for food. This seemed intrinsically probable, as accounting for the plentifulness of the supply at trifling prices. However, no less a person than the Director of the Natural History Museum wrote to say that he had examined many specimens of the so-called artificial osprey, and found them all to be the natural feathers of the birds. To this, a writer in the *Times* has responded that these plumes are *not* taken from birds who are pulled for the purpose off the nests where their progeny are cuddled up, but that the plumes are naturally shed at certain times, and that he has seen hundreds of them lying round the lakes of a part of India.

Mrs. Crawford, of Paris, has sent over an emphatic warning to English girls not to go to "the gay city" to take situations of which they know nothing. She blames the "homes" for English governesses in Paris for inducing English girls to go over. They, as she puts it, "shoot out a stream of girls only fit to go to the wall." They foster an unnatural supply of labour, and French employers have learned to take advantage of it to get cheap service. "French ladies, as a rule," it is asserted, "treat their English governesses harshly. Well educated girls are expected to eat with the servants . . . and their employers manage to get servants' work out of them." Mrs. Crawford's profound knowledge of French life, of course, entitles this dictum to the most respectful consideration from mothers whose girls are thinking of going to Paris.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



WHITE SERGE YACHTING DRESS.



SERGE YACHTING DRESS.

a very excellent quality hanging from a yoke of dust-coloured lace, with flowing sleeves edged with lace and a broad belt of white satin ribbon fastening it on one side with assertive ends. Another deserving of all honour was made of pale green crepe with a front of cream-coloured figured net, accordion kilted, and tied with three ribbons at the waist, a mauve ribbon, a green ribbon, and a blue ribbon; these three colours appeared again just below the hem of the gown beneath and again to form a *ruche* half way round the neck. And writing of three colours reminds me that two shades of one colour are frequently permitted now to appear on our dresses, and that a most excellent effect may be obtained by a dress made with bodice of a faint green chiffon, a skirt of sea-green silk, and a waistbelt of an emerald green. But I find I have not space for another word, alack! and those yachting gowns of white serge and buff piqué must be permitted to describe themselves.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Princess Maud has always shown herself desirous of escaping from the restraints of royal ceremony and state, and willing to give up the correlative poor accompaniments of subservience and attention. It will be assuredly a source of satisfaction to her that, as a Princess far from the succession, and married to a Prince who also is not in the immediate neighbourhood of heirship to a throne, she will be able henceforth to live almost a private life. H.R.H. has often, during past years, paid semi-private visits to her personal friends, and for these occasions has dropped her title, in order to escape royal honours; so that she is very likely to live in the future as quietly as her aunt Princess Louise or her sister the Duchess of Fife have elected to do.

The Creation of a Pianoforte.

A VISIT TO MESSRS. JOHN BRINSMEAD AND SONS'.

When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around
And wondering on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.

The wonder that the inventor of the first musical instrument roused has not been diminished by any of the successive inventions following in the course of time—least of all by the introduction of the piano. During the century and a half of its existence in its present form it has strengthened its hold on every class of musician, professional and amateur, with ever-increasing intensity, until no home is considered complete without its presence. Whatever the motives from which it has been acquired, there are stored away in the plain case of the Cottage piano or the highly polished ornamental exterior of the Grand latent sympathies of the strongest kind between its vibrant strings and the inmost feelings of its owner. The most popular of musical instruments, its multiplication has, however, been one of its chief enemies. The market is flooded with instruments of inferior quality to meet the general desire to possess a piano of whatever sort. And yet when it is realised that the piano is a combination of some thousands of separate pieces of metal, wood, etc., put together with the nicest skill, requiring the most delicate adjustment and the most careful craftsmanship, it is plain that mere cheapness and excellence are incompatible attributes of the piano. In a word, there are two pianos put before the public—one built for show, the other meant by its durability and its inherent worth to serve the best interests of art.

THE TIMBER STACKS.

It needs an exhaustive visit to a manufactory such as Messrs. John Brinsmead and Sons' to gain some inkling of the evolution of the instrument. The piano-builder who has laid down his plan and determined his scale must bring to the work of execution a thorough knowledge of acoustics, must know how to apply strictly mathematical principles, and must show practical adaptability of materials to the end proposed, which nothing but long experience can give. In each and every one of the eighteen extensive workshops where the separate various processes of piano-making may be seen the details are worked out in the



Making Sounding-Boards.

most thorough fashion. First to strike the eye are the stacks of timber stored in the yard, containing sufficient material for the production of thousands of pianos. Here are sections each carefully marked—for a complete history is recorded in the books of the firm of every plank from the date of its entry—of mahogany from various parts of the world. Switzerland and Austria send their firs, which give the finest resonance to the sounding-board. Norway and Sweden contribute their pines. Our home forests supply oak and beech—this chiefly from Arundel—stoutest of woods to bear the stress and strain. The walnuts of Russia and Italy, the satin-wood of India, cedar from the Philippines, rosewood from South America, the kauri of New Zealand, and other valuable trees have all special qualities useful in the making of frame or case. None of this material is used until put to the severest test that a storage of several years can give. Under the open air and in the dry heat-room every particle of moisture is extracted before a plank goes to the saw-room, there to be cut and moulded to the requisite shape.

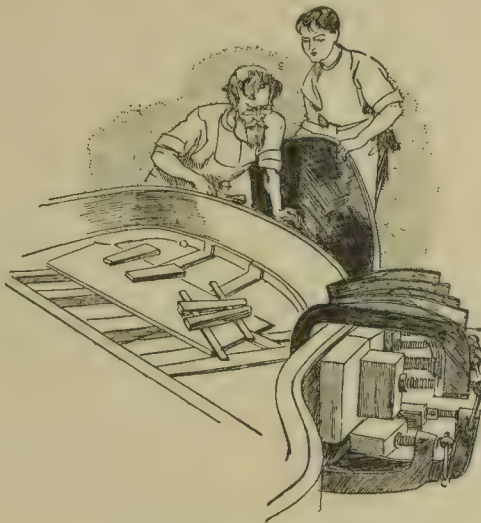
THE EVOLUTION OF THE SOUNDING-BOARD.

Now comes the fundamental portion of the piano—the back, with the sounding-board—on the excellence of which depends the piano's beauty of tone. A flaw in this vital part would entail an early failure of the instrument, hence the special attention given to strengthen its construction, to vary its thickness, and to perfect its scale. By the latest of their patented improvements the firm have discovered a means of distributing the resonance more equally over the whole board. To withstand the enormous strain of some twenty-five tons, which is the calculated tension of the strings in a Brinsmead and Sons' upright grand piano, the iron frame must be of equal warrant with that of the sounding-board. The metal castings employed differ little so far as quality is concerned in the Brinsmead pianos of different grades, the principal variation being the amount of "finish" and decoration given in each case. But the "wrest-plank" of wood is a greater marvel of special design. Compact of three layers of wood with a core of beech protected by veneer from damp, the wrest-

plank holds the peg to which the tuner applies his key when bringing the strings to their proper pitch. The peculiar form of wrest-plank invented and used by the firm has now stood the test of many years. None has ever split, and the dreaded breakdown in this part of the piano's anatomy is a catastrophe unknown to the firm.

STRINGING THE PEGS.

Imagine the rough iron frame fresh from the foundry, smoothed by the workmen of the Kentish Town factory



Veneering Grand Case.

specially assigned to the task. The top part, where stands out the magic stamp, "Brinsmead," is gilt. In some of the most elaborate "grands" the whole metal frame, which retains the form of the harp, is similarly burnished. It has been drilled in one of the machine shops to receive the string-pegs. Sounding-board and string-frame are now brought together back to back, mingling strength and softness, metal and melody, in indissoluble union. The "stringer" next takes up his part. From a store at his side he catches up the wire strings, varying in thickness to suit the upper, middle, or lower register, deftly fastens the bottom end to the frame, then twines the other end to the peg, and inserts it in its proper place. Even the shape of these pegs has its significance. They are turned to a mathematical accuracy, and their spherical form has some influence in the resultant tone. And here should be mentioned two of the numerous improvements which have placed the Brinsmead system in the forefront of pianoforte-making. By lengthening the strings and bringing them diagonally across the front of the frame, the tone is immensely magnified, and by the ingenious invention of their patent tuning-pins greater security is obtained for the preservation of the pitch. The patent tuning-pin, with its arrangement of screw and nut, must be seen that its value may be understood. Suffice it to say that, though it would not be wise to forego the services of a professional tuner, a mere tyro, at a pinch, would have little difficulty in mastering the principle of restoring a fallen note. Its practical utility is often put to the proof when the piano finds its home in a backwoods settler's bungalow. Far from the madding crowd the colonist finds his piano his only solace; but, alas! even the best of instruments cannot for ever remain in tune under constant usage. The city, perhaps, is distant some days', or even weeks' travel, and the itinerant tuner is not to be found. What more friendly device than this, then, for solving the difficulty; especially as there is the additional advantage that the string is likely to remain at full tension a much longer time? This is but one point out of many in which the Brinsmead piano for the Colonies and foreign countries aims at durability. The deteriorating effects of moist climates are set at nought; where joints might give, though fastened with the finest glue, safety is gained by a liberal use of tiny screws. Thus, with ordinary care on the part of the owner to guard an instrument against the ravages of ants and other pests, the piano may long enjoy a vigorous life, and return, as it



Stringing.

often does, to its birthplace essentially unharmed, for re-equipment and a new lease of usefulness.

THE KEYS AND HAMMER ACTION.

So far, the factors in the production of the piano's tone are of a fairly simple nature. When we come to the mechanical action, man's ingenuity is seen in one of its cleverest forms. From the ivory key which the performer's

finger presses to the hammer-tip of felt which conveys the blow to the wire, lever, spring, and wedge play each an important part. There is the resistance to be overcome. The medium must be such that the subtle influence of the performer may readily be communicated in every gradation from crashing fortissimo to the softest whisper.

The damper arrangement of a high-class piano is composed of nearly a thousand separate items, and each of the eighty-five keys has of course its individual accessories of hammer-heads, jacks, wires, pins, and cushions. A veritable triumph was won by the introduction of the "perfect check repeater action," by which the player can repeat the same note with hardly an effort, while the sustaining power may be said to be trebled. Not the least interesting part of the factory—for hours might be spent imperceptibly in watching the various processes—is the workshop in which the numerous details of the key-action are put together. The strip of graduated felt is neatly cut up, part is fitted to part with marvellous exactness, and the eighty-five keys fall naturally, as it were, side by side with symmetrical accuracy, needing but the finisher's polish and smoothness to fit them for the touch of the supreme musician.

CASE-MAKING.

The piano as such may now be said to be created. Some of the pianos are executed according to the designs of eminent architects and artists, while modifications are introduced in the supports or other parts of the piano to suit the requirements of great ocean steam-ships, hotels, and colleges, where lasting qualities are a first essential. One proof that these pianos are capable of standing the sea air and rapid change of climate is that the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, amongst other important lines, are almost exclusively fitted with John Brinsmead and Sons' pianos. The attention that is paid to artistic design deserves further recognition for the effort made to revive the art of delicate inlaying—an art practically lost in England and only maintained in France by the State aid of the Technical Schools.

THE TESTING-ROOM.

Last scene of all, passing by the tuners' department, we have reached the testing-room. Here the piano before it quits this early home for its destination in the great world undergoes a thorough inspection from one or other members of the firm. A critical stage this, and not to be lightly passed by. On no point does the firm pride itself



Tuning.

more particularly than its endeavour to issue every instrument free from a flaw in any part. With the record preserved of the origin of every piece of material, and of the workmen by whom it has been utilised, sufficient guard is obtained against the occurrence of a mishap. For this reason "John Brinsmead and Sons" have found it necessary to protect themselves against encroachments on the use of their trade mark, and to prevent the public from being deceived. An injunction obtained by them in the Chancery Court, dated Nov. 21, 1895, restrains the defendants from selling or disposing of any pianos having marked or impressed thereon the name of T. Brinsmead and Sons, or any pianos having marked or impressed thereon any other name or combination of names, of which the word "Brinsmead" forms a part, without clearly distinguishing such pianos from the pianos manufactured by the plaintiffs, John Brinsmead and Sons.

THE WIGMORE STREET WAREHOUSE.

Follow the piano a little further on its course before the purchaser becomes its happy possessor. It is removed to the well-known warehouse in Wigmore Street, built in sixteenth century style, and with its fellow stands awhile in one of the handsome show-rooms. A publisher's "sanctum" has many a secret to tell, of confidences bestowed, of budding hopes, of disappointments, or curious anecdotes in the by-paths of literature. So in this particular "sanctum" of Wigmore Street cluster memories of composers, of vocalists, and artists who have sought here, and not in vain, for an instrument to interpret their sentiment or express their language of sound. Mementoes of the successes won in the past, trophies of the acknowledgment of merit the wide world over, hang around the walls, and a private concert-room, with some 150 seats, and the noblest of instruments at command, offers an auditorium and medium which a *virtuoso* might envy. Everyone will have his own preference, and pin his faith to his favourite. The best witness cited by the firm is the Englishman returned from the far East, who reports that the most trusty and constant companion of many years of his life spent in the interior of China was his Brinsmead piano, which had invariably remained in splendid order under the most trying conditions of climate.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1895), with a codicil of the same date, of Mr. Edward Armitage, R.A., of 3, Hall Road, St. John's Wood, who died on May 24, was proved on July 14 by James Auriol Armitage and Robert Armitage, the nephews, and Laurence Colville Jackson, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £319,324. The testator bequeaths all his property upon trust for his wife for life. At her death he gives £5000 each to Laurence Colville Jackson and the Rev. Edward Armitage; £6000 to Richard Armitage; £3000 each to Frederick Armitage and Mrs. Annie Arbuthnot; £2000 to the Rev. Arthur Armitage; £8000 to Mrs. Bessie Armitage; £4000 to Mrs. Mary Brown; £1000 each to Annie Durham, Eleanor Stainton, Edward Jackson, Katie Eddis, Mrs. Nightingale, and Annie Armitage; £10,000 each to his nephews and nieces, and the children of any deceased nephew or niece; his collection of beetles to the Rev. H. G. Gorham, of Southampton; his pictures and works of art between his said nephews and nieces, and annuities to the captain of his yacht and his servants. A sum of £10,000 is left to his executors, upon trust for such charitable institutions and hospitals as they shall choose, but he desires that the Consumption Hospital at Ventnor and the Artists' General Benevolent Fund shall benefit most largely.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1889), with two codicils (dated Feb. 12, 1891, and March 14, 1892), of the Right Hon. Augusta, Baroness Llanover, of Abercarn and Llanover, Monmouthshire, and Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on July 14 by William Dawes Freshfield, Colonel Charles Lyne, and Abel John Ram, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £74,165. The testatrix bequeaths to the British Museum the cabinet and stand now in the breakfast-room at Llanover, with ten large volumes containing the unique collection of plants and flowers from nature by the late Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany), which it was the express wish of his late Majesty George III. should be preserved in that national institution as a standard work of art unparalleled for accuracy of drawing, form, and perspective, as well as colouring, truth of outline, and close resemblance to nature, to be placed with the collections of rare prints or drawings (not with botanic specimens). She also bequeaths the portrait of Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany) by Opie, with the frame which was designed after her death by Horace Walpole (Earl of Orford) for her surviving friend, the Countess of Bute, and the crayon portrait of the beautiful Ann Granville (Mrs. D'Ewes), painted from life by her sister, Mary Granville, to the National Portrait Gallery, with the wish that the portrait of Ann Granville should be placed immediately under that of her sister, and a tablet attached to the same to identify her. She gives £1000 per annum for life to her daughter, Mrs. Augusta Charlotte Elizabeth Herbert; £1000 per annum for life to her grandson, Colonel Ivor John Caradoc Herbert, with conditional benefit of survivorship to his wife; £2000 per annum for life to her granddaughter, Henrietta Maria Arianwen Herbert; £400 per annum for life to each of her grandsons, Arthur James Herbert and Edward Bleiddion Herbert, and

her granddaughter, Florence Mary Catherine Monteith, and an additional £100 per annum each to pay the premiums on life policies to be taken out for them; £5000 and £500 per annum during the continuance of the trusts to her executor, Colonel Lyne; annuities amounting to £985 and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. The estates of Llanover and Abercarn, Uchaf, her freehold house in Great Stanhope Street, and all other her freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates she leaves to her executors, upon trusts, to keep up and manage same, and for that purpose to employ agents and servants, and to pay the said annuities. The agents and servants employed are not to be of the Roman Catholic religion; the agents are to be able to speak and read Welsh; and the servants, and also the tenants of the farms and cottages, are to be Welsh and to be able to speak Welsh. The testatrix's daughter, Mrs. Herbert, her grandson, Colonel Ivor John Caradoc Herbert, and her granddaughter, Florence Mary Ursula Herbert, are to have the use of the mansion-houses at Llanover, Abercarn, Uchaf, and Great Stanhope Street in succession, for their respective lives, and are to be respectively paid during their occupancy £80 per week; and her granddaughter, Henrietta Maria Arianwen Herbert, is to have the use, for life, of the mansion-house, Coldbrook, Monmouthshire. £1000 is to be expended in furniture, etc., for Coldbrook, and the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects at Llanover and Abercarn are annexed thereto as heirlooms. Subject to the foregoing, she devises all the said properties to the daughters of her granddaughter, Florence Mary Ursula Herbert, by a Protestant Trinitarian Christian, successively according to seniority in tail male. The residue of her property is to go with the settled estates.

The will (dated July 25, 1870), with two codicils (dated Aug. 11, 1881, and June 28, 1888), of Captain Ernest Augustus Perceval, the youngest and last surviving son of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister of England, of Severn House, Henbury, near Bristol, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on July 9 by Cecil Henry Spencer Perceval, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £42,405. The testator bequeaths all his furniture, plate, pictures, carriages and horses to his wife, Mrs. Beatrice Perceval. The residue of his property he leaves upon trust for her during her life, and, on her decease, between all his children except such eldest son as shall succeed to the Long Witten settled estates.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1896) of Mr. Charles Frost, J.P., of Minydon, Colwyn, Denbigh, who died on April 30, was proved on June 25 by Mrs. Eleanor Frost, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £25,735. The testator gives his estate called Minydon and certain farm lands and premises, £10,000, £200, and all his household furniture, etc., to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life. At her death he gives £5000 to his adopted child, William Jones; £2000 each to his adopted children, Eleanor Frost Jones and Jane Jones; £500 each to his sister Clara Williams and her daughter Madeline, and three other

small legacies. The ultimate residue he leaves between his wife and his sister, Clara Williams, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 23, 1890), with a codicil (dated Nov. 15, 1893), of Mr. Henry Livesey, of Blackburn, Lancashire, who died on Feb. 28, was proved on June 5 at the Lancaster District Registry by Robert Crossley Livesey and William Livesey, the sons, and Edwin Hamer, the executor, the value of the personal estate being £24,965. The testator gives his share of certain ground rents at Mile End, Blackburn, to his son William; £100 to his half-brother James Boothman; and the use of his house, with the furniture and contents, to his wife during widowhood. He charges his mortgage on the premises of Henry Livesey, Limited, with the payment of £500 each, upon trust, to his children, and the remainder of the income of such mortgage is to be paid to his wife during her life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children Clara Livesey, Kate Livesey, Emily Livesey, Frank Livesey, Alfred Livesey, William Livesey, and Robert Crossley Livesey, in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1891), with a codicil (dated Sept. 20, 1893), of the Rev. Henry Frederick Barnes-Lawrence, Canon of York Minster, of Birkins Holme, Bridlington Quay, Yorks, who died on May 29, was proved on July 6 by Mrs. Emily Barnes-Lawrence, the widow, the Rev. Arthur Evelyn Barnes-Lawrence, and Herbert Cecil Barnes-Lawrence, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £13,330. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate, upon trust, to pay £450 per annum to his wife, and to accumulate the remainder of the income during her life. On her death he gives the ultimate residue thereof to his children, the share of any unmarried daughter to be a capital sum producing at the time, at the rate of £4 per cent., £120 per annum, and the share of a married daughter to be the same as that of a son.

The will of the Right Hon. Elizabeth Dowager Countess Fortescue, of 68, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, widow, who died on May 4, was proved on July 13 by Miss Annabella Geale, the sister, the universal legatee named in the will, the value of the personal estate being £6658.

The will of Sir John Russell Reynolds, Bart., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Physician in Ordinary to her Majesty's Household, of 38, Grosvenor Street, who died on May 29, was proved on July 13 by Frances, Lady Russell Reynolds, the widow, the Rev. Henry Robert Reynolds, the brother, and George Kyme Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £11,142.

The will of Captain Arthur Watson de Capell Brooke, J.P., of Loddington Hall, Kettering, Northampton, who died on April 5, was proved on July 7 by Mrs. Eleanor Frances de Capell Brooke, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £5045.

The will of Mr. Edward Ross Wharton, M.A., of Merton Lea, Oxford, a Fellow of Jesus College, who died on June 4, was proved on July 11 by Mrs. Susanna Maria Wharton, the widow, the Rev. William Hawker Hughes, and Walter



Flowers love the Sunlight, and always turn to it, for it brightens everything. The modern housewife always turns to

Sunlight Soap

for it brightens her home, and helps her out on "washing-day," or any other day when she needs a pure honest soap which cleanses everything it touches, and doesn't injure anything, either fabric or hands.

Less labour, Greater comfort.

SUMMER HEAT AND OBESITY.

Summer heat, with the out-door enjoyments which come in its train, is a source of unmixed delight to all whose physical condition is sound. The full feast of pleasure to which hospitable Nature at this season invites mankind is not, however, for those whose infirmities forbid them to undergo, without serious discomfort, a considerable amount of bodily fatigue. To those in particular who are the victims of excessive corpulence, the arrival of the genial summer warmth serves chiefly as a painful reminder that, for them, the delights of long woodland rambles, the climbing of mountain-tops, and all the adventurous ways of flood and field are prohibited joys. The palpitating heart, the reeling brain, and the possible deadly sunstroke, which are the concomitants of obesity, banish all the pleasant anticipations which once came with the advent of the glad summer-tide. How much of this deprivation of enjoyment and positive misery is absolutely and easily avoidable may be learned by consulting Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), a little work whose popularity is proved by the fact that its 18th edition has just been issued. This fact, too, indicates in some degree the wide area now covered by Mr. Russell's wonderful success as an expert in the reduction of excessive fat. His process, which is absolutely safe and pleasant, is so rapid in its operation that any over-corpulent lady or gentleman can easily get rid of all unnecessary weight in a very few weeks, so as to be able, before the autumn is with us, to enjoy the delightful feeling (and the appearance too) of renewed youth and energy. Mr. Russell makes no mystery of the nature of his curative preparation—apparently miraculous as are its effects in simultaneously reducing weight and increasing appetite—the consequently larger amount of food being consumed with impunity. He prints, therefore, his recipe in his singularly suggestive book, which may be obtained post free by sending three penny stamps to his offices, Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

[The following are extracts from leading Journals.]

ALCOHOLISM AND OBESITY.

It is often rashly asserted that drunkenness is uncommon on the European Continent, and that, in particular, it is a rare vice in France. Certain medical therapeutists and specialistic scientists have, however, recently furnished some suggestive statistics which flatly contradict the cherished beliefs of those who have persistently proclaimed the sobriety of the French people. Dr. Lancereaux, at the French Academy of Medicine, having made a special study of the subject, declares that in his extensive hospital practice, out of twenty patients, ten are, on an average, suffering from some form of alcoholic poisoning—women being responsible for a large proportion of the enormous consumption of alcohol thus indicated. The learned doctor sums up the results on the population at large as representing a mortality greater than that caused by the greatest epidemics, the ruin of labour, and—what is already startlingly evident in France—the steady diminution of

the very population of the country. Other authorities, again, assert that with the annual increase in the consumption of spirits, to the extent of nearly 500,000 gallons, in various liquors, there has been a corresponding increase of corpulence. This appears to make alcohol responsible for the troublesome and sometimes dangerous increase of unhealthy adipose tissue on the strength of the somewhat slipshod theory of the affinity of alcohol for oxygen in the system. It is certainly worthy of note that some of the most eminent authorities on the Continent and in America absolutely debar the corpulent from drinking alcohol in any shape or form, while on the other hand one of the most prominent and successful specialists in England boldly and flatly contradicts, on this point, his professional brethren. He permits those undergoing his treatment to drink the spirits of their choice—although he does not advocate the use of these beverages. The result of his experiments is that he can reduce a person's weight from 3 lb to 6 lb. in a week, although the patient may drink alcohol even to excess; nor will any extra decrease in weight be experienced by a restriction of the amount of drink consumed. His aim is to attack corpulence at its very root, and to achieve this he does not approve of such a drastic measure as the sudden and indiscriminate stoppage of a person's accustomed spirituous drink, for there are many who have so habitually used themselves to their "dram" that its prohibition is unquestionably a great hardship, if not actually dangerous. Again, he takes exception to the action of the majority of specialists in dealing with obesity in prescribing a limited diet. To this he takes exception on the very reasonable ground (to quote from his clever 256-paged book, entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) that with the reduction of fat by his process, the most unhealthy portions of this excess tissue, such as those which clog the vital organs, begin to waste first, and as a consequence, the entire system becomes healthier within the first twenty-four hours of the treatment. Then immediately the patient begins to be exhilarated by such symptoms as the freedom of breathing, the stronger and steadier action of the heart, the feeling of lightness, the absence of the sense of oppression—each organ performing its duty with increased regularity. He finds himself aroused suddenly from a lethargic heaviness and morbid drowsiness which have probably lasted for years; he feels, as it were, born anew, and instantly becomes more active and buoyant, both in body and mind—all of which pleasurable sensations are naturally accompanied by an increase of appetite. Notwithstanding the increased amount of food taken daily, the weight under the operation of his system is steadily reduced, to which unerring testimony is given by the weighing-machine. The painstaking research and the marvellous success of the author of the above-named work justify us in arriving at the conclusion that his system may be followed with absolute confidence. His success is all the more remarkable because the whole secret consists in the use of a few herbal roots and a simple vegetable acid. We believe it is the only system of reducing obesity—and it is a very pleasant system—which is certain

in its results, and brings no after-penalties. We commend his book to our readers. It may be obtained post free by sending three penny stamps to Mr. Russell at the address already given.—*Brighton Examiner*.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 1 lb. or 2 lb. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending three-pence in stamps, a book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

CORPULENCY THE THIEF OF TIME.

That procrastination is the thief of time is a truism so obvious that it has no claim to be regarded as an epigram. To more practical purpose it may be urged that Corpulency is, in very many respects, the parent of procrastination. The putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day certainly becomes a mental habit, but it is unquestionably very frequently begotten by physical conditions which render exertion irksome. That in the majority of cases procrastination is easily curable is one of the considerations suggested by a perusal of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency and the Cure," whose remarkable popularity is evidenced by the recent issue of the 18th edition. The universal adoption of Mr. Russell's system by corpulent persons of both sexes would increase, by a stupendous percentage, the working capacity of mankind. The rapidly growing popularity of the treatment is due, doubtless, to the author having discarded all the obsolete notions about semi-starvation being requisite to insure comely and comfortable slenderness. It is certain that the more the marvellous possibilities of Mr. Russell's system become known, the less will be the tolerance for the laziness of people who decline to reduce their overweight by the pleasant and facile means which are described in this little book, which can be had, post free, by forwarding three penny stamps to Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Liverpool Daily Mercury*, March 24, 1896.

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro Plate (3000 Illustrations) Post Free.

SPECIAL.—The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold, having customers who prefer Second-Hand Articles. This has been a successful department with the Association many years. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post.

1896

New Pendant Choice Brilliant, £35.
Diamond or Brooch, White £35.
Fine Brilliant Brooch, £17 15s.
New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. A Brooch, in second quality Diamonds, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.
New Tie Brooch, containing 44 Diamonds, £5 5s.
New Moon Brooch, 7 Brilliants and 8 Rose Diamonds, £5. All Rose Diamonds, £4.
Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches, this size, 3s. 6d.; larger, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size in Gold, 2s. 6d.
New Brilliant Tie and Emerald Circle and Centre Brooch, £45. Brilliants and Rubies, £42. Brilliants and Sapphires, £31 10s.
Diamond Tie Scarf-Pin, £2 2s.
Best Gold Scarf-Pin, 7/6. Smaller size, 5/-.
New Brooch, 18 Brilliants, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, and 2 whole Pearls, £5 5s.
New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same Brooch, in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.
New Brooch, Choice White Brilliants and Whole Pearls, £37 15s.
New Scarf-Pin, Stones set transparent Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.
Fine Brilliant Brooch, £21 15s.
New Diamond Star Brooch, Pendant or Hair Ornament, £5. Above, £5 5s. A Choice whole Pearl Head Necklace for variety of larger size Stars in Stock.
Estimates and Sketches for Names, in Diamonds or Gold, Monograms and free on application.
Ostrich-Feather Fan, 15 in. long. Black on Shell £3 3s. .. 2nd qual. £2 2s. White on Pearl £5 5s. £4 4s. Natural on Shell £4 4s. £3 10s. Superior Fans up to £9 9s. kept in stock.
Marabout Moucheté Fans, £7 15s., £11 15s., £14 14s.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS.
Diamond-Cutting Factory, Amsterdam. 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Telegraphic Address: "Ruspoli, London."

— SMOKE THE CELEBRATED —
'PIONEER'
SWEETENED TOBACCO.
KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE **RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO., LTD.**
AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

Sold by all First-Class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.
1 and 2 oz. Packets, and $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$, and 1 lb. Tins.

MARION'S DRY PLATES
For All Kinds of Work are Unsurpassed.

To be had of all Dealers, or direct from **MARION and CO.,**
Free Carriage for 10s. 6d. Parcel.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE NOW READY,
1s. Post Free.

22 & 23, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Stennett Prichard, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5541.

The will and codicil of Mr. Thomas Mounsey, of Oakfield, Forton, near Garstang, Lancashire, who died on April 27, was proved on June 23 in the Lancaster District Registry by Mrs. Agnes Mounsey, the widow, and George Harold Mounsey, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5962 11s. 5d.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Lady Katherine Margaret Cotterell, of 8, Belgrave Square, who died on May 22, intestate, were granted on July 7 to Sir Geers Henry Cotterell, Bart., the husband, the value of the personal estate being £2948 2s. 5d.

The will of Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley, J.P., D.L., of Hodnet, Salop, and Condover Hall, Shrewsbury, who died on Feb. 10, was proved on July 7 by the Rev. Richard Hugh Cholmondeley, the brother and residuary legatee, the value of the personal estate being of a nominal amount.

The unveiling of statues, busts, and monuments of eminent men was actively proceeded with last week in different places. On the same day, July 15, the statue of the late Cardinal Newman, at the Brompton Oratory, a bust of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby School, placed in Westminster Abbey, and a memorial of Heminge and Condell, with a bust of Shakspeare, in the churchyard of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, were displayed to public view. On Saturday, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, Mr. Alfred Austin

unveiled a statue of Robert Burns, whose memory, on the hundredth anniversary of his death, July 21, was further celebrated with a festival at Dumfries, an exhibition at Glasgow of Burns's relics, and a speech by Lord Rosebery on the Genius and Poetry of Burns.

Their Royal Highnesses Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales have recently been the recipients of a unique present of two solid silver - gilt mounted scent - bottles as souvenirs of their visit to the East London Exhibition. The bottles were designed and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin Brothers (of 66, Cheapside and 220, Regent Street), and were given by Messrs. John Knight and Sons, of Silvertown, each bottle being formed of a solid "ball of 'Ariston' Soap, which

has been handsomely encased with silver filigree work and chased mount.

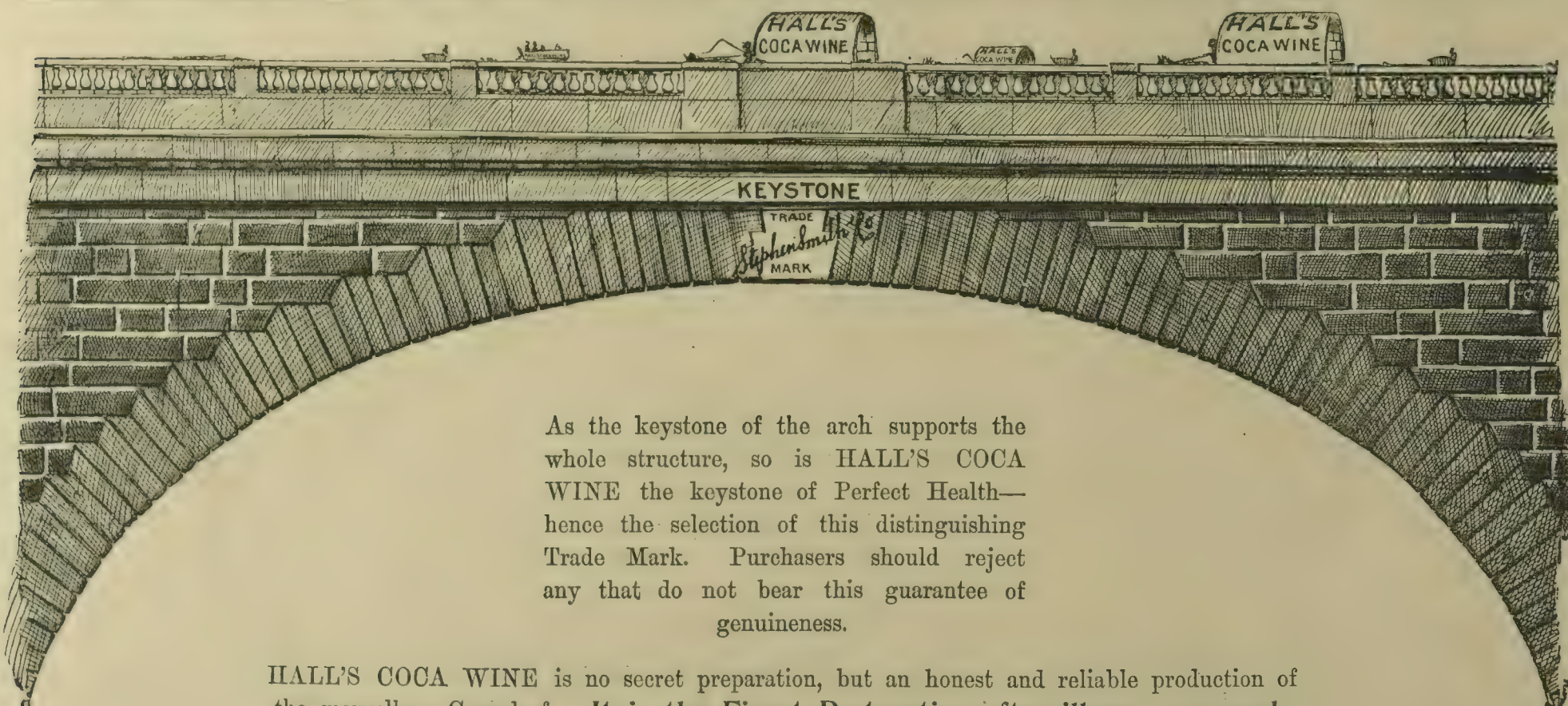


SILVER SCENT-BOTTLE,
AS PRESENTED TO PRINCESSES VICTORIA
AND MAUD OF WALES.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

My friend and colleague, Joseph Knight, has written a very able and characteristic preface to the last published play by Henry Arthur Jones, "Michael and his Lost Angel." He takes the subject of the ill-success of the Lyceum play very much to heart, and regrets it, as many of the admirers of the work of Mr. Jones did, very earnestly. But I do not think that anyone whose opinion was worth having ever objected to the play on account of its literary qualities, which are brilliant enough, but because it read far better than it acted, which is a very different thing. I own I read the play before I saw it acted, was delighted with it, and wondered how it would come out on the stage! It did not come out nearly as well as I expected, and I was compelled to say so. But it does not follow that the work is not a piece of literature, though ineffective as a drama. In these matters we must sometimes agree to differ. In Mr. Knight's opinion, the play failed because those who saw it could not have independent minds, or "clear their minds of cant," which is a tolerably strong indictment. He thinks that "in some respects the loves of Michael Feversham and Audrie Lesden seem to take rank with the masterpiece of human passion, if not with 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Cupid and Psyche, with Paul and Virginia, and, shall I add, with Edgar of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, at least



As the keystone of the arch supports the whole structure, so is HALL'S COCA WINE the keystone of Perfect Health—hence the selection of this distinguishing Trade Mark. Purchasers should reject any that do not bear this guarantee of genuineness.

HALL'S COCA WINE is no secret preparation, but an honest and reliable production of the marvellous Coca leaf. It is the Finest Restorative after illness, overwork, and worry. It cures sleeplessness, neuralgia, and anæmia. It is the Best Nervine ever discovered, and leaves no after effects. Try a free tasting sample.

THE MEDICAL PRESS AND PROFESSION ARE UNANIMOUS IN RECOMMENDING IT.

Of Chemists and Wine Merchants, 2s. and 3s. 6d. per Bottle, or Post Free of the Proprietors,

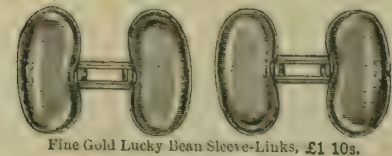
STEPHEN SMITH and COMPANY, BOW, LONDON.

Wilson & Gill

Manufacturing Goldsmiths & Silversmiths,
134, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Purchase direct from the Manufacturers, saving all intermediate profits. Goods not approved of may be exchanged, or amount paid will be returned.

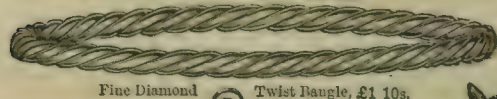
BRIDESMAIDS' PRESENTS.



Fine Gold Lucky Bean Sleeve-Links, £1 10s.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Brooch, £6 10s.



Fine Diamond Twist Bangle, £1 10s.



The "Lucky" Fine Gold Pig and Bells Bangle, £2 10s.



Fine Gold Fox-Head Scarf-Pin, £1.



Fine Diamond Hoop Ring, £5.

NEW ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE POST FREE.



Fine Turquoise and Pearl Chain Bracelet, £4 10s.



Fine Diamond, Pearl, and Ruby Brooch, £5 10s.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Ring, £4 15s.

The New Fine Gold Snaffle Chain and Pencil-Case Bangle, £2 17s. 6d.

GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.



Fine Diamond, Ruby, and Sapphire Sleeve-Links, £4 15s.



Fine Pearl Half-Hoop Bracelet, £4 10s.



The New Fine Gold Pencil-Case Bangle, £1 17s. 6d.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

with Helen and Paris, Antony and Cleopatra, and Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier des Grieux." Well, this is a strong order, but it does not distress me, because I know it is the conscientious opinion of an able critic and life-long student of the stage.

It is a pity, perhaps, that so liberal a critic could not praise a work of literature without running down another play which was certainly not a work of literature, but a far better and more effective acting play. Mr. Joseph Knight says: "That the display of human passions in a sacred edifice and the lavish use of ecclesiastical ceremonial might cause offence I could have conceived, had there not been the immediately previous proof of the success of another play in which the very words of the Inspired Teacher are used with a background of pagan revelry and a lavish and superfluous display of nudity of limb." And pray why not? The essence of drama is contrast. How can the splendid devotion of the Christian martyr in "The Sign of the Cross" be shown without contrasting it with the licence and riot of paganism? How can a Mercia stand out triumphant without the comparison of the unbridled lust of a Marcus Superbus? How can the martyr triumph without showing the Agnostic conquered by faith? We had pictures of Christians singing hymns in a grove and pictures of Hetairæ

revelling with wine-cups and flower garlands! All this is contrast, the essence of dramatic effect, nothing more. Are we never again to see "The Last Days of Pompeii" on the stage, because the frank paganism is contrasted with the exquisite purity and poetic charm of Nydia? The church scene in "Michael" offended me, not because it was a church scene, but because as seen on the stage it was vulgar, ineffective, not to say ridiculous. The scene read well, it acted badly. *Voilà tout!* But there was nothing immoral in the one play or the other. Ineffectiveness is not immorality, nor, I venture to say, is a distrust of "Michael" as an acting play a sign of a mind obscured by cant! The argument of the box-office is, I confess, a little weak. It is argued that because the play drew £231 on the last night it must have succeeded if it had not been withdrawn. I always understood that in the box-office the success or failure of a play was judged by the advance booking, and, as a matter of fact, in the case of "Michael and his Lost Angel" there was no advance booking at all!

My experience tells me that there is no dramatic anecdote that is not handed down from generation to generation and affixed to the players of the day. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I recently read the old Mother Shipton story, which dates from Macready, if not

before, ascribed to Sir Henry Irving and vouched for—of course by an eye-witness—these stories always are. The Mother Shipton story, as told to me by George Augustus Sala, and he had it from his brother who was concerned in the tale, is simply this:

Macready, who was an impulsive, good-hearted, but warm-tempered man, conceived a fierce aversion to an actor called Wynne, who was the very dear and beloved brother of George Augustus Sala. Macready could not bear the sight of Wynne. He was the red rag to the dramatic bull. On one occasion they were playing "Henry VIII." Macready, of course, was Cardinal Wolsey, and Wynne was cast for Cardinal Campeius. Macready, who was very particular about dress, and feared that Wynne would make a guy of himself, ordered the second Cardinal to appear before him in his dressing-room to see what he looked like. Wynne, who dreaded the anger and fierce invective of his chief, did the best he could for Cardinal Campeius by means of a red robe out of the wardrobe and lace made out of perforated paper. In fear and trembling, Wynne knocked at the haughty tragedian's door. "Come in," growled Macready. He was making up his face, and, looking at Wynne in the looking-glass without deigning to turn round, he grumbled out, "Mother Shipton, by G—!" This, I am certain, is the true story,

KOKO

ORDER FROM ROYALTY.

Dec. 20, 1895.

Sir R. C. Aug. Kersten, Hoflieferant
Detmold, Lippe-Detmold
I beg you to send me by
return 6 bottles of Koko for
the hair. You receive by P.O.
33/- If possible let me have
it by Wednesday morning
as it is for

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS VICTORIA

OF SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE

(Granddaughter of our Queen and Sister to the Emperor of Germany).

"KOKO"

ERADICATES SCURF AND DANDRUFF, PREVENTS HAIR FALLING, PROMOTES ITS GROWTH, AND IS THE BEST DRESSING FOR THE HAIR.

1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. of all Chemists, &c.

KOKO MARICOPAS Co., Ltd., 11, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

FOR
THE



HAIR

ROYAL TESTIMONIAL.

Berlin
Alsenstrasse

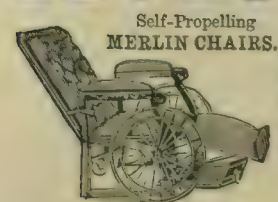
Feb 25th 1896.

"Koko" for the hair, is
the best dressing I know
It keeps the head cool,
promotes growth, and is
in every way excellent.

Princess Hohenlohe
Bekkingen

LEVESON'S

INVALID CHAIRS & CARRIAGES.

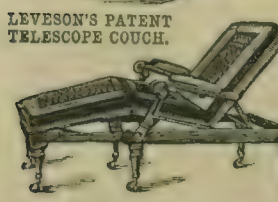


Self-Propelling
MERLIN CHAIRS.

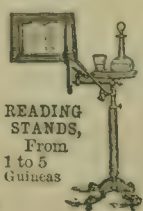
INVALIDS' COMMODE CHAIRS, CARRYING
SPINAL COUCHES AND CARRIAGES,
BED-RESTS, LEG-RESTS, CRUTCHES,
RECLINING CHAIRS, BED-TABLES,
AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FUR-
NITURE FOR THE USE OF INVALIDS.



from 1 Guinea.



LEVESON'S PATENT
TELESCOPE COUCH.



READING
STANDS,
From
1 to 5
Guineas.

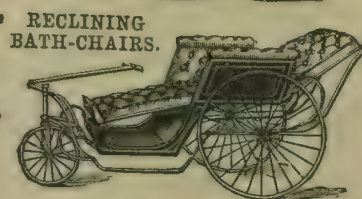
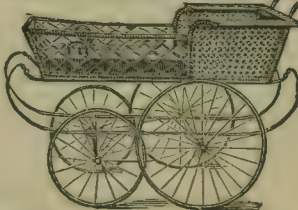


ILKLEY COUCHES
from 3/- Guineas.

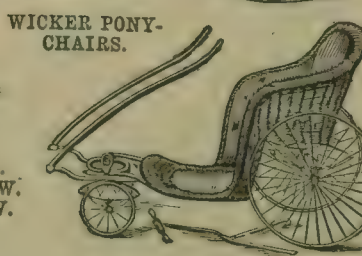


LEVESON'S ADJUSTABLE
LOUNGE. The Leg-rest
slides under the seat. Neatly
Caned. Price 2 Guineas.

SPINAL CARRIAGES FOR
CHILDREN & ADULTS.



RECLINING
BATH-CHAIRS.



WICKER PONY-
CHAIRS.

LEVESON'S WICKER
BATH-CHAIRS on easy
springs, and
self-guiding
wheel.



LEVESON'S VICTORIA IN-
VALID'S CARRIAGE
with self-guiding
front wheel.



BATH-CHAIRS,
WITH HOOD
AND WINDOW.

LEVESON'S

PERAMBULATORS.

NEW DESIGNS FOR 1896.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

THE "PARISIEN,"
On Cee Springs.



THE "CANOE," on Cee Springs,
In White or Light Tan Colour.

LEVESON & SONS,
90 & 92, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
21, PARKSIDE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.
30, HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.
35, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.
9, ALBION ST., LEEDS.
89, BOLD ST., LIVERPOOL.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF INVALID FURNITURE IN THE WORLD.

(Established 1849).



THE RECENT ROBBERY AT EREWHON LODGE: DISCOVERY OF A PORTION OF THE STOLEN GOODS.

It being rumoured that the Burglar was lying seriously hurt, the Police were accompanied to the house by the Divisional Surgeon, and whilst the latter was attending to the injured man, the Constables forced open a large chest, and found a handsome Clock, a quantity of Silver Plate packed in an empty starch box, and a lot of miscellaneous articles to which he apparently attached considerable importance, including even some bottles of bovril, and a large package of Hinde's hair pins.

AMERICA'S BEST CYCLE. THE "CLEVELAND."

The UNITED STATES HEALTH DEPARTMENT, after a thorough inspection of all American Cycles, made the following Report on May 16—

"Physicians who are equally familiar with the organisations and functions of the body and the peculiar and skilful construction of the "Cleveland" Bicycle manufactured by the Lozier Manufacturing Company, which conforms so readily to the extensors and flexors of the body, and which involves no muscular or nervous strain, will not be surprised that we consider this Bicycle superior to any other; and when we make such distinction the decision is not given haphazard, but is based upon the closest examination."

THIS IS THE OTHER SIDE:

An Inquisitive Birmingham Manufacturer took two American Machines to pieces, completely disguising their identity. Two Experts were called in to inspect the parts. The following was the Report of these two lifelong steel-workers—

"We consider from point of construction and finish this Machine is superior to any Cycle made."

IT WAS A "CLEVELAND."

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

LOZIER MANUFACTURING CO., 18, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C. 4;
67, George St., Portman Sq., W.; 83, Regent St., W.; 90-92, Gloucester Rd., South
Kensington, S.W.; 30, Fulham Rd., S.W.; 75, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

In HALF-HOOP, MARQUISE, GIPSY,
and all other Designs, Set with
BRILLIANTS, EMERALDS, PEARLS, RUBIES
SAPPHIRES, OPALS, TURQUOISE
OF PUREST QUALITY.

5000
To Choose from at
Maker's Cash Prices.

SELECTIONS
SENT ON
APPROVAL.

BENSON'S ENGAGEMENT RINGS

SIZE-CARDS
SENT FREE.

Old Jewellery and Watches
Taken in Exchange.

LARGEST STOCK OF RINGS IN THE WORLD.
ILLUSTRATED BOOK POST FREE.

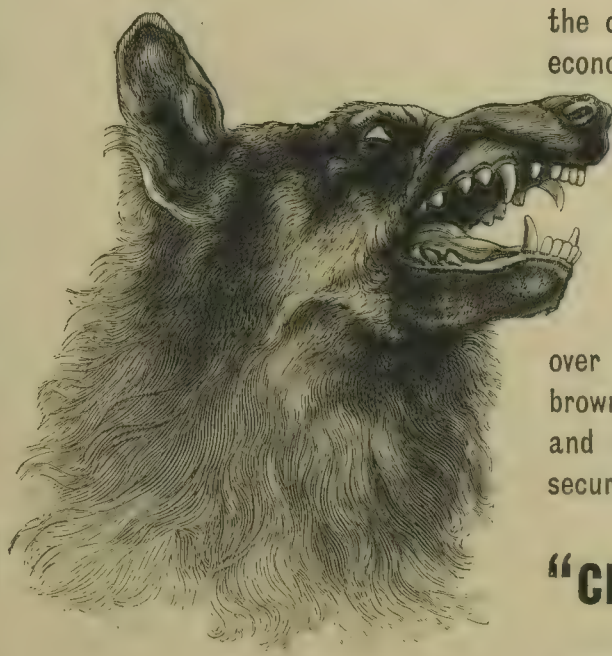
J. W. BENSON,
Watchmaker and Jeweller to H.M. the Queen and Royal Family.

Steam Factory: **62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL;**
And 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., & 25, OLD BOND ST., W., LONDON.

WHEN STRIVING TO KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR

REMEMBER THAT IT IS NOT
ALWAYS

the cheapest that is the most
economic; the vast superiority
of



HOVIS

over any other bread, either
brown or white, both in its bone
and muscle making substances,
secures for it the coveted position
of the

"CHEAPEST & BEST."

Highest Award at the Food and Cookery
Exhibition, London, May 1895.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

The Public are Cautioned against accepting from
Bakers spurious imitations of "HOVIS," which,
having met with such unprecedented success, is being
copied in many instances as closely as can be done
without risk.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS,"
or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory,
please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be
defrayed), to

S. FITTON & SON, Millers, Macclesfield.
6d. or 1s. Sample on receipt of Stamps.

and whether it has been applied to Betterton, Booth, David Garrick, or Edmund Kean, I cannot say; the story is exact so far as Macready is concerned. It now descends to the days of Henry Irving; the Cardinal is changed from Wolsey and Campeius to Cardinal Richelieu, and John Ryder is supposed to have said "Mother Shipton, by G—!" when he saw Irving superbly attired as Richelieu. I very much doubt it. I am well aware that John Ryder knew the Macready story well, and that he was Macready's first lieutenant, and also that he might have foisted it on to another race of actors. But whatever John Ryder thought of Henry Irving's Richelieu as a piece of acting he could by no possibility have objected to his costume, since, when we saw Cardinal Richelieu at the Lyceum we saw a Cardinal dressed correctly on the stage for the very first time in dramatic history. No Kemble, or Kean, or Macready, who ever lived, dressed the Cardinals of Shakspeare or of Lord Lytton correctly. To say that a Cardinal's dress is *scarlet* is a vulgar error. It is not scarlet at all. It is rose-pink or geranium colour, and Henry Irving was at the pains to have some silk specially made for him at Lyons the exact pink that is worn by the Cardinals of the Catholic Church.

PARLIAMENT.

The condition of the public business was the subject of a debate on Mr. Balfour's motion to suspend the twelve o'clock rule for Government business during the remainder of the Session. The leader of the House made a provisional announcement of the measures the Government hoped to carry before Aug. 15. They included the Irish Land Bill, the Coal Mines Bill, the Finance Bill, and the Conciliation (Trade Disputes) Bill. Among the measures recognised as impossible for the present Session were the Benefices Bill and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. Mr. Balfour's position was sharply assailed by Sir William Harcourt, who devoted the main part of his speech to Mr. Balfour's indictment of the House of Commons at the United Club. The late Government had never suspended the twelve o'clock rule till controversial business was dispatched, but their successors were going to use that suspension for the purpose of forcing through highly contentious legislation. The late Government had passed the Parish Councils Bill and the Budget of 1894 in the teeth of strong opposition, without resort to the weapon Mr. Balfour was employing.

Sir William Harcourt bitterly resented what he called Mr. Balfour's slander of the House, and compared it to the language of the bad workman who complained of his tools. Ministers found it difficult, and in some cases impossible, to pass this Bill, because they could not make up their minds, because they were at sixes and sevens, because their party was distracted, because they proposed amendments, withdrew them, and then withdrew the clauses to which the amendments related. This attack was sustained by Colonel Sanderson and Mr. Gibson Bowles. The Unionists would not listen to Mr. Bowles, and they evidently ascribed Colonel Sanderson's attitude to his hostility to the Land Bill. Eventually Mr. Balfour's motion was carried by a majority of 193. The Committee debates on the Land Bill have disclosed the resolve of the representatives of the Irish landlords to fight the measure at every step. Mr. Lecky, too, is fierce in condemnation. On the other hand, Ministers are supported by the Nationalists and the Parnellites, who voted with them on the division about the twelve o'clock rule, and are anxious not to share any responsibility for the ultimate loss of the Bill.

TO AMERICANS IN LONDON.

Americans are invited to inspect the largest and choicest stock in the world of Diamond Ornaments, Jewellery, Silver Plate, Watches, and Clocks at the Store of the Goldsmiths' & Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W. All goods, which are freely shown without any importunity to purchase, are marked in plain figures, and supplied direct at manufacturers' cash prices, saving purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

THE MANUFACTURING
GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,
Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
(Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

Sold only in 1 ounce Packets, and 2, 4, and 8 ounce and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in Fine Smoking Condition.



Ask all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and take no other.

THE GENUINE BEARS THE TRADE MARK,
"NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,"
ON EVERY PACKET AND TIN.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES.

In Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, and 100.
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are now supplied in a new size, viz., "MAGNUMS." They are packed in Pocket Tins containing 16, and in 50's and 100's.

ADAMS'S
FURNITURE
POLISH.

THE OLDEST AND
BEST.
"THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use—
Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

THE NEW CROWN VIOLET

AN EXQUISITE PERFUME.

"The Delicious Essence of the Violet itself, distilled from the fragrant Violet Gardens of the Sunny Riviera."

In Crown-Stoppered Bottles only.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,
177, NEW BOND STREET, W.



Headache

Do you suffer from Headache and those feelings of fatigue and exhaustion that make the fulfilling of your engagements a real burden? The head in which one-sixth of the blood in the body circulates, is one of the most important portions of the human frame, and it is of the greatest importance to keep it clear and free from pain. Headache, brain weariness, fatigue, and exhaustion are all cured by that marvellous discovery, which received the highest award at the Paris Exhibition, and is highly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal,"

Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine.

Mr. J. Brekthrought, Lower Broughton, Manchester, writes us, saying: "It takes up the pain and bears it away." Overworked business men who suffer from exhaustion and headache, students who know what brain fag is, and ladies who are prostrated by the excitement of shopping and sight-seeing, will find Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine exactly meet their case. Test it and take care that the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop. It is supplied by all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/-; or of Alfred Bishop, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Mile End New Town, London.



Cured

Highest Award at Chicago, 1893
"Lanoline"

Toilet "Lanoline".....6s & 1/.
"Lanoline" Soap.....6s & 1/.
"Lanoline" Pomade.....1/6.
& Cold Cream.

Should be used in every household, as nothing is better for the complexion.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

The only awarded at the Paris
Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

Special,
hygienic, adherent & invisible
Toilet powder—**CH. FAY, Inventor**

9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

MELLIN'S FOOD

FOR
INFANTS
AND
INVALIDS



Samples
Post Free
on
Application
to



High Street,
Rickmansworth,
Nov. 28, 1895.
MR. G. MELLIN.
Dear Sir,—I have
much pleasure in send-
ing you a photograph
of my little son Harry
Carter, aged one year
and eleven months, who
from the age of six weeks
has been entirely brought
up on Mellin's most excel-
lent Food. He enjoys the
best of health, and has been
free from all so-called baby ailments, which I
feel certain is due to Mellin's nourishing food.
Yours faithfully,
AMY CARTER.



80, Stafford Road Park,
Sheffield,
Nov. 20, 1895.
MR. G. MELLIN.
Dear Sir,—I am
sending you a photo
of my baby, John, taken
when thirteen months old;
he was fed on Mellin's
Food from about the age
of three months. I always
recommend Mellin's Food to
my friends, as it did my baby so much good
when no other food would stay on his stomach.
Yours faithfully,
H. STYRING.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.

MELLIN'S ART COMPETITION

For Original Paintings in Oil and
Water Colours; Black and White;
and Photography,

OFFERS

PRIZES Value £1000

Gratis and Without Entrance Fee.

Open to Amateur and Professional Artists and Photographers of all ages.

For particulars apply to "Art Department," MELLIN'S FOOD
WORKS, Peckham, London, S.E., enclosing 1d. stamped addressed
envelope and postcard unaddressed. P.S.—For Children under 12
only 1d. stamp is required.



PAINTING SECTION

LIST OF FIRST PRIZES.

	OILS.	WATER-COLOURS.
OPEN COMPETITION	£100	£50
ART STUDENTS and AMATEURS	£50	£25
SELLING PRIZES	£40	£30
COMPETITORS under 18 Years	£10	
CHILDREN under 12 Years	500 PRIZES	

PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

LIST OF FIRST PRIZES.

OPEN COMPETITION	£20
AMATEURS ONLY	Whole-Plate Camera, Value £10 10s.
HAND CAMERA WORK	Half-Plate Camera, Value £6 6s.
INSTANTANEOUS WORK	£10

NEW MUSIC.

From Metzler and Co. we have a song by Benjamin Godard entitled, "The Hour of Love," words by R. H. Elkin. This is poetical and graceful, and altogether a delightful example of the composer's talent. In "The Welcome Shore," Knight Summers' stirring verses find a counterpart in Tito Mattei's setting. It is one of those good descriptive songs which never fail to appeal to the ordinary amateur. L. Denza's latest effort, entitled "Your Voice," is excellent. The words, by Frederic E. Weatherly, are tender and sympathetic, and the melody is pretty.

The piano solos from the firm of E. Donajowski consist of several "Original Compositions" by E. A. Chamberlayne. Of these we like best "An Album Leaf," which

has a nice melody; "A Fugitive Thought," striking and pretty; a "Mazurka" in A minor, quaint and effective; and a "Minuet," Op. 9, No. 2, dainty and graceful. The organ works by E. A. Chamberlayne are also to be recommended.

We have received from Chappell and Co. an operetta in two acts, entitled "Phoebe's Dream," the honours of which are divided by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture and C. E. N. Charrington. The words are good, and the music throughout brightly written, the best number in the little work being the duet for Phoebe and Squire, "Ask me not, sweet," which is graceful and melodious.

From Robert Cocks and Co. we have received several songs and pieces worthy of note. Conspicuous among

these is a tuneful ditty entitled "The Crumpled Roseleaf," in which Clifton Bingham's sympathetic little poem finds adequate expression in Frederic H. Cowen's pretty music. This song cannot fail to please. From the pen of Frank L. Moir we have "A Song of Years Ago," with an ear-haunting refrain which should be admired. "The Seasons," by Mabel Hyde and Eva Lonsdale is effective, though a trifle conventional. "Neath Southern Skies," by Edward Oxenford and Augustus Toop, is dashing and brilliant, but there should be a slight alteration made in the words where the minor changes to the major refrain in the first and second verses. Vocalists will not care to sing "Ah! O land of love." Two songs worthy of attention are those by F. E. Gambogi, "O world, O life" and "Flowers of Spring," belonging to a series of "Artistic Songs."

OGDEN'S

GUINEA-GOLD CIGARETTES

3^{D.} SMOKED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

MADE IN ENGLAND

per packet

THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICE: SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.
President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
 The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY supplies Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Crutches, Artificial Limbs, Artificial Eyes, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.
WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND COUCHES ARE LENT TO THE AFFLICTED UPON THE RECOMMENDATION OF SUBSCRIBERS.
 20,046 Appliances Given in 1895.
 Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d., or Life Subscription of 5 Guineas, entitles to Two Recommendations per Annum, the number of Letters increasing in proportion to amount of contribution.
 SUBSCRIPTIONS and DONATIONS are earnestly solicited, and will be thankfully received by the Bankers, Messrs. Barclay and Co., Lombard Street; or by the Secretary, at the Office of the Society.
RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.

BEWARE!
 OF
**IMITATION
 EXTRACTS.**

In consequence of numerous complaints made by purchasers who have been persuaded to try inferior Extracts,

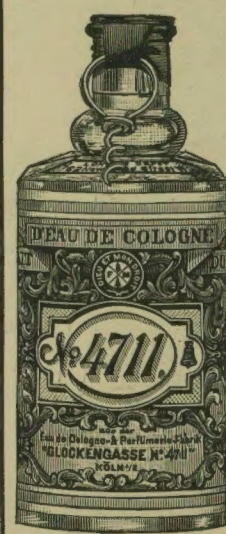
THE LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT COMPANY

are compelled to issue this Warning.

Every Jar of the Liebig "**COMPANY'S**" Extract bears the Signature of J. v. LIEBIG across the Label, without which none is genuine.

The LIEBIG "**COMPANY'S**" was the First Extract put upon the Market, and has retained that position ever since.

Via **TO THE CONTINENT. QUEENBORO' - FLUSHING.**
 ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.
GREAT SAVING IN TIME. GREAT IMPROVEMENTS IN SERVICE.
 The magnificent new 21-KNOT PADDLE-STEAMERS, built by the Fairfield Co., of Glasgow, are now running in this Service.
 Most Perfect Route to Northern and Southern Germany.
 BERLIN-LONDON in 20 Hours ... Arrival Berlin, 8.28 p.m.
 LONDON-DRESDEN in 28 Hours ... Arrival Dresden, 12.41 a.m.
 LONDON-BALE in 23 hours.
 Time Tables and all Information Free on application to the "Zeeland" Steam-ship Co. at Flushing, or at 44a, Fore St., London, E.C.



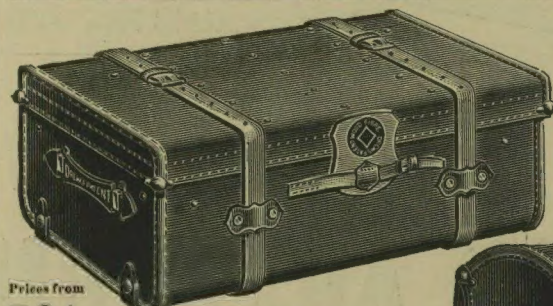
Buy the **4711**
Eau de Cologne
 It is the Best Genuine, Strongest, Most Lasting, Most Refreshing and Invigorating.

CAUTION!

Be sure and insist upon MÜLHENS' 4711 BRAND, as inferior makes are sometimes offered. Refuse all Substitutes. Of most Dealers in first-class Perfumes.

Case of Six Bottles carriage paid for 13s.; or Sample Bottle, 2s. 6d. post free.

THE 4711 DEPOT, 62, NEW BOND STREET, W.



Prices from **50/-** THE TRUNK FOR CONTINENTAL USE.

Col. T. L. writes: "The Trunks I bought from you, made of your Patent Compressed WOOD FIBRE, stand the very rough wear of Continental travelling remarkably well."

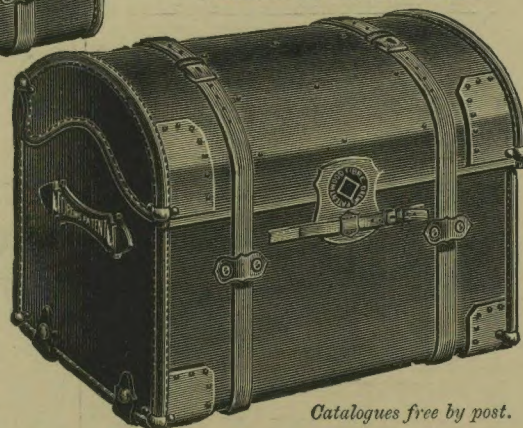
Covered in Dark Brown Waterproof Sail Cloth bound Solid Leather OR covered entirely in Solid Hide.

Specialists in the Manufacture of DRESSING BAGS, FITTED SUIT CASES. PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKETS.

DREW AND SONS, Makers to the Royal Family,
 33, 35, & 37, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.

DREW & SONS

Inventors and Sole Makers of the New Patent WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS. LIGHTER, STRONGER, GREATER PACKING CAPACITY THAN TRUNKS OF USUAL MAKE.



Catalogues free by post.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

LOHSE'S World-known Specialities for beautifying the Complexion.

EAU DE LYS DE LOHSE
LOHSE'S LILY MILK
 in White, Pink and Cream.
 For preserving the beauty and youthful freshness of the skin.

LOHSE'S LILIENMILCH SEIFE
LOHSE'S LILY SOAP.
 Delicately scented and emollient, keeps the complexion fresh, smooth, and rosy-white.

GUSTAV LOHSE BERLIN.
 Perfumer by Appointment to H.M. the Empress Frederick.
 Creator of the celebrated Maiglöckchen (Lily of the Valley) Perfumery.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ORIENT COMPANY'S PLEASURE CRUISES.

The Steam-ship GIRONNE, 3876 tons' register, will leave London on AUG. 23 for a 28 Days Cruise to the

BALTIC, Visiting COPENHAGEN, STOCKHOLM, ST. PETERSBURG, KIEL, BALTIC CANAL, and HELIGOLAND. String Band, Electric Light, High-Class Cuisine.

Managers { F. GREEN & Co. Head Offices, ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co. } Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.

St. Raphael Tannin Wine.

FORMULA OF DRS. PASTEUR AND BOUCHARDAT. The best known Tonic for Women, Children, Convalescents (Consumption and Indigestion).

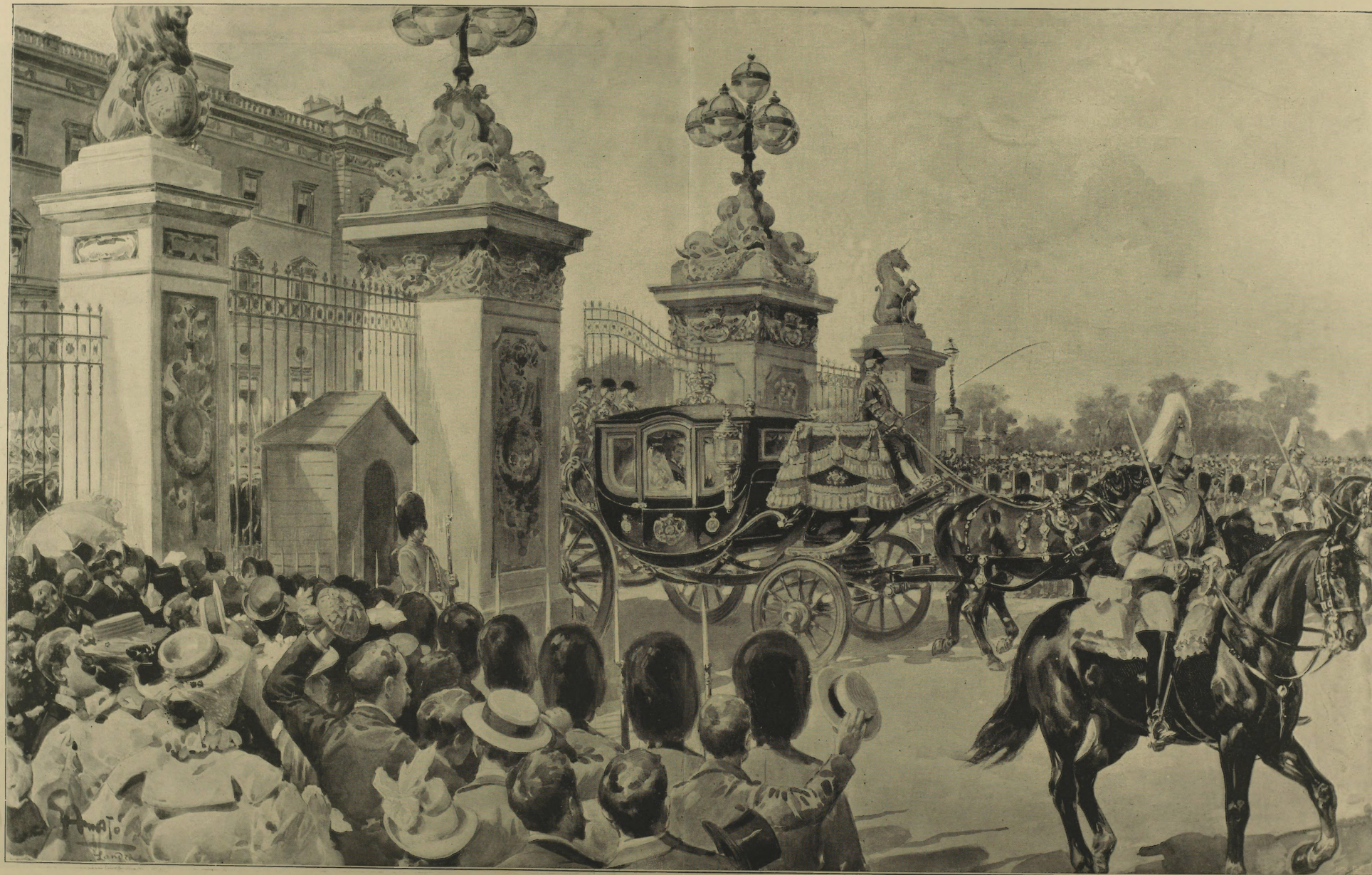
A Restorative during the Hot Summer Weather. No Bottle genuine without a label round the neck bearing name and address of E. GALLAIS and CO., 90, PICCADILLY, LONDON, Sole Consignees for the United Kingdom.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.



PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES IN HER BRIDAL DRESS.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.



DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MAUD OF WALES AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK.

PRINCESS ALICE OF ALBANY.

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES.

LADY ALEXANDRA DUFF.

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE AND THREE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.